19 — 25, 1980

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THE INJURY
AND
THE INSULT:
HOW ADIVA
OF DAHANU
ARE
EMERGING
FROM
THEIR LONG
SUBMISSION
TO INHUMAN
CONDITIONS

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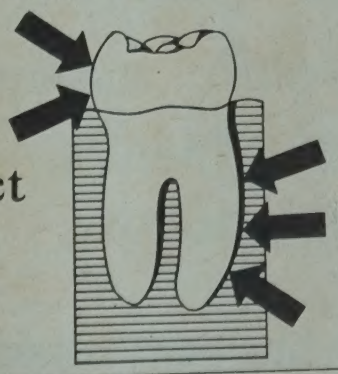

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- **Fantastic Facts About Earlier Olympics**
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PLUS

'Even prostitutes have been taught important foreign phrases...'
a look at Moscow's preparations.

ALSO

- The World Of Pen Pals —a delightful survey.
- Discovering Sri Lanka —a colour feature.
- Prem Chand—a birth centenary tribute.

Your best bet for good reading

MIRROR

INCENTIVE

EVE'S WEEKLY

VOL. XXXIV NO. 29 BOMBAY JULY 19 — 25, 1980

THIS WEEK

THE JAMKHED EXPERIMENT

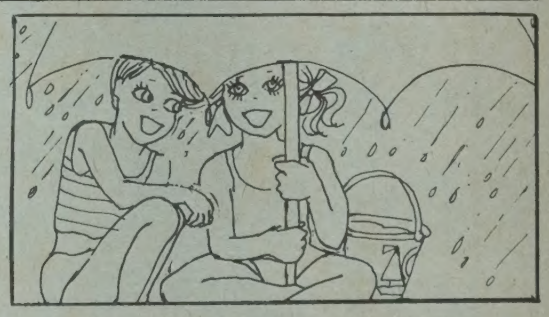
How a dedicated husband-wife team of doctors has changed the face of a cluster of villages in Maharashtra by their labour of love and thereby proved that the unlettered rural folk are not particularly fond of debt, disease and deprivation.
Page 10

THE ADIVASI WOMEN OF DAHANU

The story of how the Adivasis were robbed of their land, how they and their women are being cheated, harassed and dishonoured, and how the women are fighting back.
Page 16.

CRAFTS FOR CHILDREN

How to keep the over-energetic young out of mischief during the long rainy days of the monsoon months.
Page 19.



WORLD CONFERENCE ON THE DECADE OF THE WOMAN

As assessment of progress made by women in education, employment and equality.
Page 13.

SUNSET CHILDREN

An inquiry into the condition of the unfortunate children who, working from dawn to dusk, hardly ever see the sun.
Page 21.

ALSO

Book Nook: Review of books written by or about women — **Page 44,** Bringing Up Daughter: The delights and hazards of bringing up the modern miss — **Page 37** Women in Focus: Mira Hattiangadi and Leela Shah — two women active in significant social service — **Page 39.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7,** Readers' Voice/**9,** Jokes and Comics/**20,** Film Star: Arun Govil, star in the making/**23,** Creative Photography/**25,** Fashion: Coupon for "The Winning Collection" Contest/**26,** Short Story/**28,** Step by step Cookery/**34,** Beauty/**35,** Story for children/**41,** Frankly Speaking/**45,** People Known & Unknown/**47,** People & Events/**48,** Horoscope/**50.**

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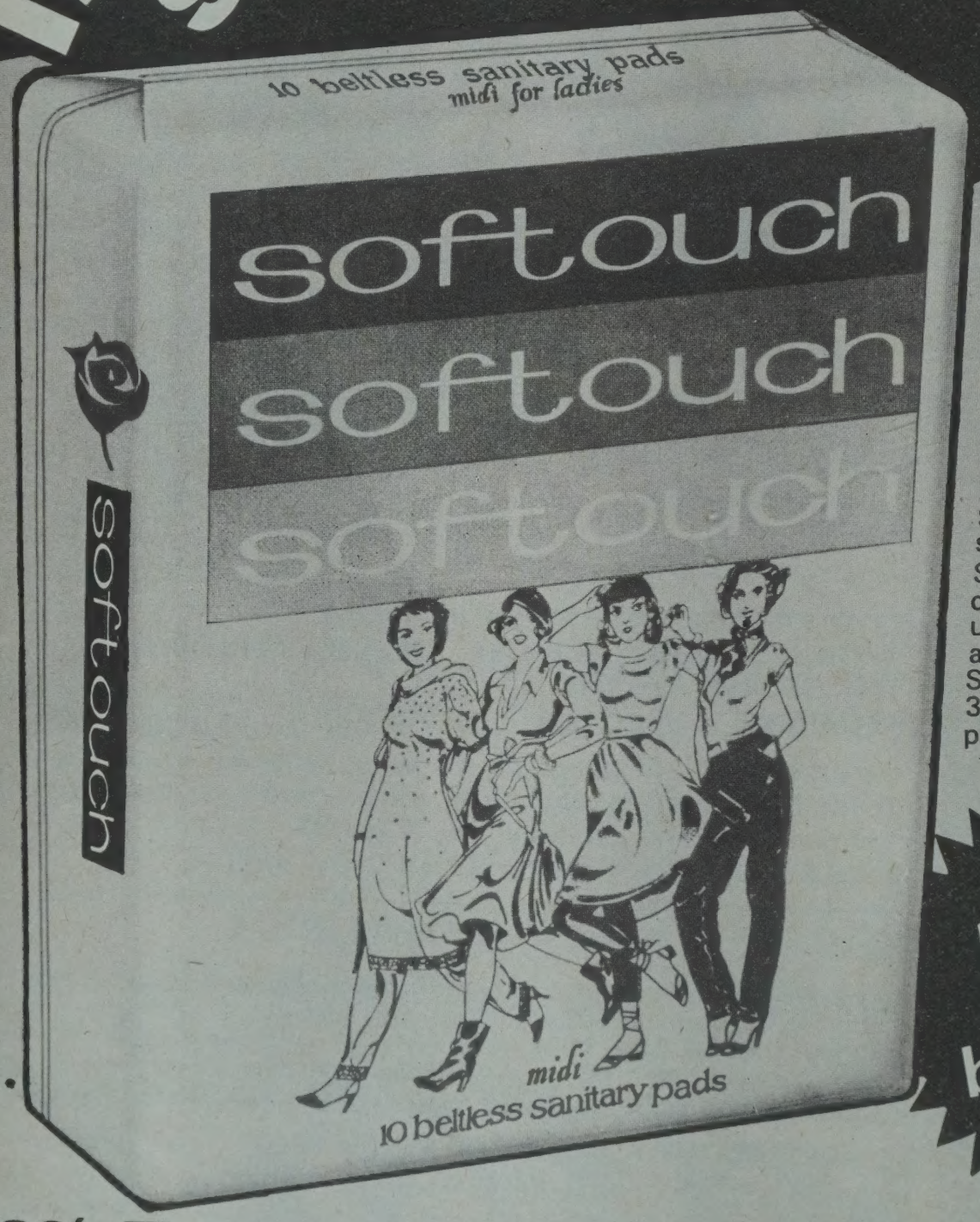

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YOUR PAGE

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1st PRIZE

SHAMEFUL REJOICING

The incredible news about Sanjay Gandhi's death came clattering over the teleprinter. As students of Journalism, we promptly pasted a banner headline and a couple of 'takes' on the tele-news board and displayed it in the premises of the University. What was even more shocking than Sanjay's death was the behaviour of some students upon reading the tragic news. Some of them actually congratulated each other and even sweets were distributed to celebrate the event. Members of an anti-Cong. (I) students' organisation were looking so thrilled, as if Existence itself had at last obliged them. Sanjay may have been rude, over-ambitious and swollen-headed. But surely, these are not enough reasons to celebrate his death? How many people in India are free from the clutches of egoism, corruption and dishonesty? Buddha said the whole world is a vast funeral procession moving towards the graveyard. What is there to rejoice or mourn if someone dies a little earlier than us? Death should make us aware and increase the degree of our consciousness. Where sensitivity is concerned, we have either gone bankrupt or we have yet to develop this 'human' quality.

JAYA CHOHAN,
Secunderabad

To rejoice over anyone's death seems inhuman. Death is the leveller, and all enmity should cease to exist when the enemy dies. Sanjay undoubtedly had many enemies — men, who would have risen in their own eyes if they had the guts, not perhaps to mourn, but to desist rejoicing at his extinction.

2nd PRIZE

WHAT LIBERATION?

Recently, two famous Hindi heroines have entered into matrimonial alliance with married men by resorting to an easy way out: they changed their religion, since Hindu law does not allow another marriage if the first wife is living, and there has been no divorce.

What comes to mind is that even today economically-independent girls (like these stars) cannot continue their liaisons for long without the legal sanctity of marriage. They feel that they will not be able to raise a family and give the child the father's name. Why can't they be liberated enough to have a child and give it their own name, since the whole world knows about their affair? Or does it mean that in spite of economic independence, they are still afraid of society? And so, does it not mean that economic independence alone is not enough to struggle free of a male-dominated society but that something more is required which our girls lack, namely "guts". If our women are willing to play second fiddle, who can help them — they will continue to be dominated by men. Then again, what is the guarantee that the man will not leave them and go back to his first wife, making the second marriage null and void? Men will always take advantage of women if they continue to offer him the best of both worlds and are willing to fall at his feet. What liberation and what independence can Indian women achieve? None, if their attitudes don't change.

MRS. A. BHATIA,
Bombay

Your information (about the two heroines) is incorrect, but your letter makes a point: it is attitudes which must change. Economic independence is very essential — male superiority is the ingredient of a power game. Women who have resources to fall back on, cannot become doormats. But we cannot confuse the issue: women, per se, want to marry and bear children by the person they love. And this does not amount to playing second fiddle. If at all, it is the woman who consents to live with a married man, who gives him the best of both worlds.

3rd PRIZE

MANU-VERS?

We blame Manu, the ancient law-maker, a little too easily; we claim men have inherited a rather unfair attitude towards their women and we trace their lopsided outlook to his long-formulated dictates. Isn't it incongruous that the men who cling with ferocious tenacity to outdated laws should so blatantly flout present-day legislation? Show me the man who refuses a handsome dowry because it is against the law or against his conscience; and is there a father who courageously refuses to be browbeaten into bargaining and bribing (for what else is a dowry) to get his daughter off his hands?

The law in our country provides women with an equal status to man, she has rights that should make her position an enviable one, but is she treated as an equal in her own home? The law will have to change many times over before we can say that the modern, educated man is also enlightened. So it would appear that it isn't the scriptures, nor Manu or anyone else that can be blamed for the masculine error of considering all men as superior beings. I think man just picks and chooses those customs, traditions and teachings that are good for his superiority, that boost his ego. Surely, our educated men are capable of working out a code of behaviour for themselves, one that would do them honour?

DAPHNE KHAN,
Hyderabad

But it is power that men want — and it is the power which brings them honour. When the law-makers are male and the law-dispensers are male, what chance does a woman have? No, men will not waste time working out a "code of behaviour"; it is the women who will have to hammer away to impose this code on them!

SAVE THE PRO

'Prostitution' is a much-abhorred word in our society. The majority of the prostitutes are in this profession not out of choice but due to force of circumstances. In fact, many of them claim to want to leave it but cannot, due to the lack of options open to them and the social stigma attached.

While social workers have been extending help to the physically and mentally handicapped, and to destitute and homeless women, it is surprising that they have not yet ventured to help the prostitute. If institutions and homes are opened where arts, crafts, household skills, cooking, etc. are taught to such women, it would not only encourage them to lead a new kind of life but also help them to gain employment. In addition to this, many evils such as adultery and venereal disease will be eradicated.

JYOTI LAJMI,
Bombay.

We would worry more about those women who are really forced into prostitution than those who enter it voluntarily. It is the latter who do it due to "force of circumstances." The former are merely helpless pawns in the hands of pimps and so-called benefactors. Once the stigma is removed, we wonder how many of the "voluntary" prostitutes would want to enter homes and institutions to learn arts and crafts. . .

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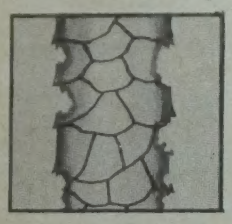
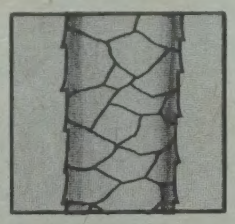


Hair surface damaged with pits and holes.



Hair shaft repaired by Lakmé conditioning action.

Lakmé Shampoo acts in two beautiful ways. The conditioner fills in the holes with rejuvenating protein. It also deposits a protective protein coating on each hair shaft to add bulk and gloss.

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

IN DEFENCE OF "MADRASSIS"

The article, "When North is North and South is South" (May 31) made very interesting reading. It has been rightly pointed out by your writers that the popular notion is that all "Madrassis" are dark. Another misconception which people refuse to rectify is that no one in Madras knows Hindi or English. I have lived in Madras for years and I can say that one comes across people who do not know Hindi or English only very rarely.

Another puzzling factor is that only visitors to S. India complain of the language barrier. I know of several Tamilian families who have seen the whole of India without knowing Hindi and with only a limited knowledge of English. They have a lovely time and never miss anything. It only points to the intelligence of the S. Indians (I agree with Mr. Sankaran).

Most S. Indians speak grammatically correct Hindi or English. As for the accent, why ridicule a S. Indian for his accent? This is something accepted in the study of language and varies from region to region — why single out the S. Indian?

I am not a S. Indian, but have a deep affection for this metropolis and each time I return from a tour, I love it more. Let people use the contemptuous term "Madrassi" — I take it only as a compliment.

MAYA K. MUDBHATKAL, Madras.

CHEATING VENDORS

The Consumer Awareness article on weights and measures (June 7) was a real eye-opener. About Tip No. 4 ("insist on having a clear view of the scales and pans when the goods are being weighed") given by Krishna Basrur, in the Borivli Municipal Market there is mass cheating by the meat vendors. The meat vendor keeps the balance behind the chopping block ('blocking chop' would be appropriate) and both the chopping block and the balance are blocked by the skinned goats hanging on the hooks in front of you. The chopping block is kept at such a height that the customer cannot see what is chopped on it. You will neither know how much he weighs on the balance nor what stuff he weighs, for the entire process is done out of your clear view. You cannot quarrel with him, for he will refuse to sell meat to you and you will have no alternative other than to approach the next vendor, whose practice is also the same.

Unless the Municipal authorities and the police take a serious note of this mass cheating by meat vendors, the customers will remain cheated of their hard-earned money.

K.P. RAJAN, Bombay.

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

The article, "When a woman becomes a widow" (June 21) by Rajamani Kumar hit the nail on the head. The author has rightly pointed out that offering a cash reward to the man who marries a widow is a most stupid move. She has also rightly written that a woman shrinks into a nonentity after her husband's death. But who is to blame for this? Women need not lose their importance after the husband's death. For this, parents should ensure that their daughters are also educated well like their sons. They should show no partiality in this respect. An educated woman will surely have the courage and confidence to face the calamity that befalls her. Also, to a large extent, women themselves are responsible for the pitiable condition of the widows. Our women-folk should give up their silly superstitions and stupid beliefs with regard to widows. They should look upon these unfortunate women as their sisters and help them, not criticise them if they continue to lead a normal life, take up a career or remarry.

S. V. JAYANTHI, Secunderabad.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF JULY 19

A FAMOUS VICTORY

Evonne wins the Wimbledon crown after nine years!

WHY BREAST MILK IS BEST FOR BABIES

The nutritional excellence of mother's milk and the hazards of substituting it.

WHAT AILS OUR TOY INDUSTRY?

The vast majority of Indian children have to make do with shoddy toys which are sometimes positively dangerous. An inquiry into the industry.

HAPPY HIPPIES IN GOA

How the sea, the sand and surf of the beaches of Goa attract hippies from all over the world.

MEET OUR COOKERY HOST!

A young man takes over the cookery page this week and gives you appetising recipes for Bohri cuisine.

A NEW FEATURE

A page of humour starting with our next issue.

PLUS

All our regular features

THE JAMKHED EXPERIMENT: woman power in action

HOW A CLUSTER OF POVERTY AND DISEASE RIDDEN VILLAGES HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A HEALTHY COMMUNITY BY THE DEDICATION OF A YOUNG MEDICAL COUPLE

Shahnaz Anklesaria

The ladies walked into the meeting room and quietly occupied the chairs. Most were in their mid-forties. A huge red tikka adorned each forehead. Charts and other material were placed on the table, pallavs drawn over heads, wristwatches consulted — and the village health workers from the Jamkhed Comprehensive Rural Health Project were ready to answer any questions.

Looking at them, one forgets they are for the most part illiterate women who have probably never ventured out of their talukas. Yet after three months of training in basic health care, these health workers have managed to lower the infant mortality rate in their villages substantially, banish malnutrition, reduce the death rate from diarrhoea, cholera and tetanus and popularise family planning. Equally important, in the process these women have also broken down hitherto impregnable caste barriers so that today Harijan and Brahmin villagers drink at the same well and even joke about the "days of caste divisions."

They have been trained by the initiators of this venture, Dr. Rajnikant and Dr. Mabel Arole. Winners of the 1979 Magsaysay Award, the pair have planned their entire project on health concepts that are revolutionary for the Third World. The project at present covers 70 villages of the Jamkhed Taluka in the Ahmednagar district of Maharashtra.

One of their first decisions when they arrived in the town of Jamkhed as medical practitioners, was that they would make every effort to prevent diseases from occurring and spreading rather than just trying to cure them as they occurred. Leprosy and TB are very common in villages of this country and both diseases need curative medicine. But a survey of the villages around their town showed that polluted water was the main cause of the other diseases like diarrhoea, cholera, and typhoid. Poverty, which means the villagers were just too poor to buy enough food for themselves and their children, spelt general debility and lack of resistance to diseases.

Old superstitions and habits too, they discovered, caused many health problems, some of which were fatal. For instance, feeding a child on semi-solids for the first four months after its birth and using extremely diluted milk powder rather than continuing with breast feeding, caused widespread malnutrition among infants. Taking a sick man to the local quack resulted in his "prescription" finishing what the disease had started.

And social customs like caste also caused as much ill health as malnutrition. The Harijans are not allowed to use the village well and they had to drink water from unhygienic sources. Health, the medical couple decided, could not be dealt with as an isolated problem. So, as they provided curative medicine to the villagers who come to their tiny dispensary in Jamkhed town, they also talked to them about their personal problems and gradually won their trust.

During frequent trips to the different villages they also talked to the local sarpanchs about the simple ways in which some diseases could be prevented. Soon they set up a hospital on donated land. Tubewells were dug in some villages to provide clean drinking water — often in the Harijan section of the town. To raise productivity of the land and incomes, food-for-work programmes were started. The main source of the funds for the project have been grants from Oxfam, CASA and West Germany.

But self-help, at every stage was encouraged. From the start, the Aroles had realised that unless the villagers themselves helped in funding a programme, it would not be sustained. So they encouraged the enterprising among the farmers to form a "farmers' club" which undertook different aspects of village welfare. Today the farmers' club contributes towards the nutritional feeding programmes in the villages. These were started by the Aroles in every village for children under five, to fight malnutrition. Harijan and other children sit together every morning, and share the same food.

But their attempts to instal nurses in each village failed. Being outsiders, the nurses simply could not win acceptance from the villagers and woo them away from harmful practices.

At this point, the Aroles decided on an entirely new idea — which stunned medical circles around the country. They decided to train women from the village itself to provide basic health care. Train illiterate women in health care — women who could not read or sign their own names!

The idea would be laughable had it not been so spectacularly successful. For the Aroles were directly challenging a notion we educated Indians cling to — that illiteracy is synonymous with lack of intelligence. But they saw an illiterate person simply as one who had not mastered the skill of reading and writing. They realised that, although illiterate, a person's basic faculties can be as sharp, her innate intelligence as high, her capacity for remembering and absorbing knowledge as good as her literate counterpart. Why then could not illiterate persons be trained to become health workers?

They decided to train women and not men — in contrast to existing Government primary health schemes where young men are trained in primary health care. Their observation had revealed that women, particularly expectant or feeding mothers, and children, were the most vulnerable to disease and most in need of special care. No village woman will readily confide frankly in a strange male, even a male doctor. But she would listen to another woman, particularly one she was familiar with and could relate to.

So they asked the villagers to select a woman for training. Their only criteria were that she should not be destitute, or have tiny children of her own to look after, should be mature and trusted by the village generally. The villagers responded with enthusiasm.

After the initial training, the health worker was given a wristwatch and a medical kit — and the women carry both around

with all the aplomb of a city GP. Sophiabee, tall, fortyish and articulate, explained its contents. There were two kinds of pills for fever and cold, a pill for diarrhoea, cough expectorants, eye ointment for eye infections (blindness is a frequent disaster when eye infections are not treated with the proper ointment or eye-drops). There is also a simple kit to be used when delivering babies. There were two pieces of clean cloth to be used for the mother and newborn child , a clean razor-blade to cut the umbilical cord (tetanus, she said had been common and fatal when the cord used to be cut with an unsterilized instrument), a clean string to tie the baby's cord. All so simple and so basic. Yet millions of women suffer and see their children die because even this much has been denied them.

If a patient does not recover from a disease within a stipulated time, then the health worker brings her to the Jamkhed hospital. But these women have been able to do much more than merely cure a few diseases. Because the whole programme emphasises the preventive aspects of health care, these women make every effort to teach the villagers how to prevent many of the easily preventible diseases. They persuade parents to have their children immunised. At present, children in all the 70 project villages are immunised against diptheria, small-pox, whooping cough, polio and TB.

These women have also been able to persuade the villagers to shed many fatal superstitions. "In my village," said Sophiabee, "the last time a child died of tetanus, they said it was because someone had entered the room from the toilet, without washing their hands — and so had brought the devil in with them."

When a child has fever, "mantras" used to be recited and no treatment was given. Or else it is wrapped in cloth and fed hot water. The health worker insists that the child is wrapped in cloth soaked in salt water, at room temperature, to lower the body temperature. Diarrhoea is fatal because the child is dehydrated. By the mother continuously feeding the child with lime juice the process of dehydration is checked and the child responds to medication.

With the help of simple, bright charts the health workers explain to the village women of pre and post-natal care. Once the child is born, they advise on feeding, insist on the family of the new mother giving the latter enough rest and the right type of food. Being residents of the village the health workers know the peculiar problems of the families and suggest only what a particular family can afford. They maintain a simple register of the weight of each new born baby in the village. Whoever can read and write assists them in this. They also supervise the nutritional programme every morning and the hygienic standards of the village.

Early in their training, Dr. Mabel Arole invited these women to a demonstration. She had been trying to impress on them that caste divisions were irrational. The women were impressed but not fully convinced. Then she asked one Brahmin and one Harijan woman to come forward. A few drops of blood were taken from the fingers of both. They were placed under a microscope and the health workers were asked to find the difference. "Once we saw there was none, all the old stories we had heard stopped making sense," said one of the oldest women in the group. Now these women teach their village children songs about the evils of caste divisions, along with songs about what one should eat and what one should avoid.

For these health workers, apart from the salary they receive adding to their income, being "in charge" of the health problems of the village has given them a new authority and status. And the salary has meant a new dignity at home also. One woman said her husband is an alcoholic. Earlier he would retort to all her protests with the same remark, "Shut up, it isn't your money I'm spending." Now she says, "I too am an earner. I can insist on my rights." Like a zealous watchdog, she said she keeps a sharp eye on all the MCPs around her.

Listening to these women, seeing the changes in their villages — mothers carrying little children with healthy bodies and shining skins, soak pits outside every hut to collect and cover sewage, courtyards, free garbage and the respect with which their menfolk treated them, one gets a glimpse of the India that can be, at so little cost. But then a great deal of sincerity is needed.

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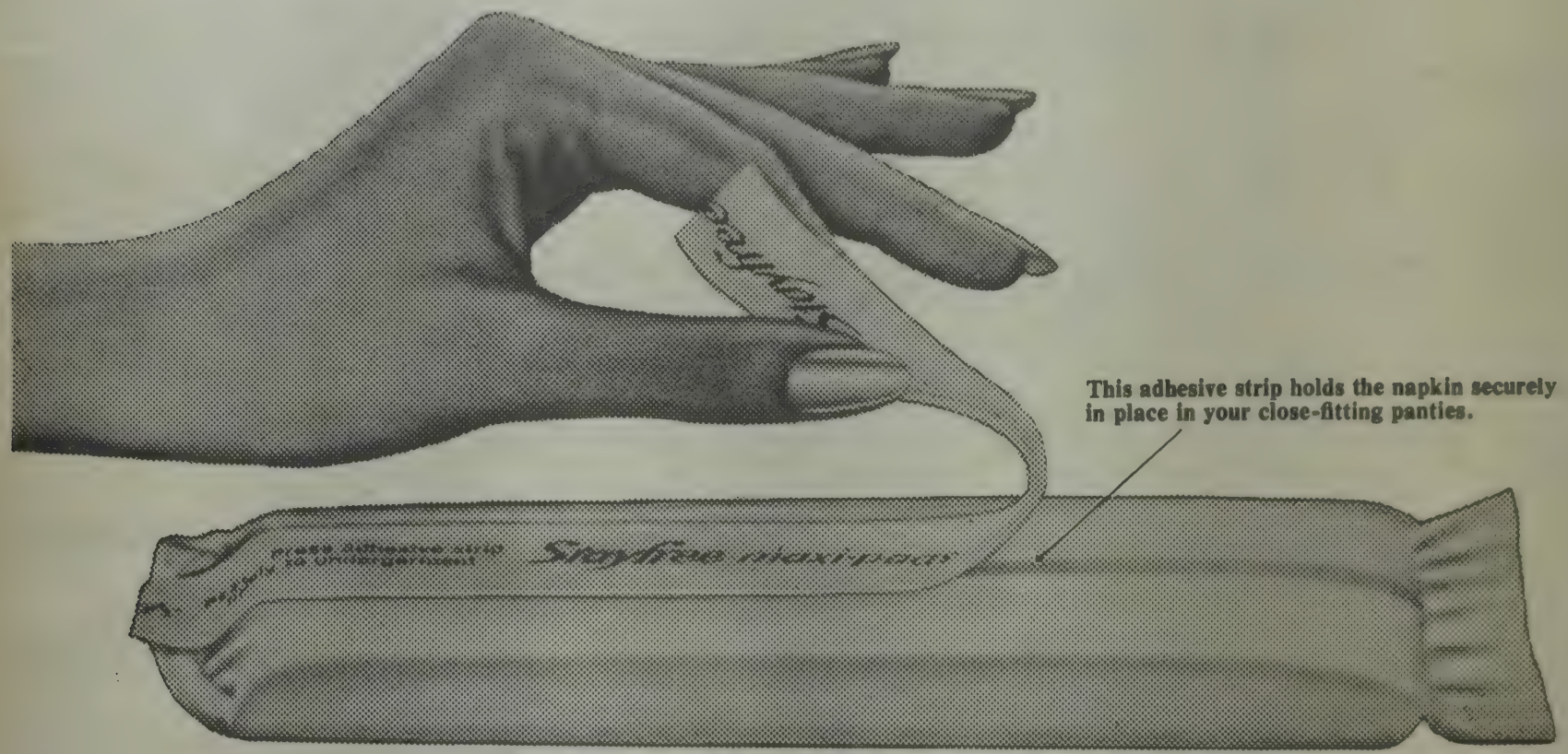
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press adhesive strip to underpanties
Stayfree

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IMPROVING THE STATUS OF WOMEN

With the world conference on the Decade of Women being held in Copenhagen from July 14 to 30, there will be yet another "dissection" of whether any progress has been made with regard to the problems facing women.

In the World Plan of Action which had been adopted by the world conference for the International Women's Year in Mexico in 1975, the objectives were to solve the problems which place women in an inferior position to men, to eliminate discrimination against women and to increase the involvement of women in all fields of national life.

Along with reviewing the progress made in achieving these "minimum objectives," the present World Conference will consider the programme of action for the second half of the decade. Some of the other items on the agenda include the influence of mass communication media on the attitudes towards the role of women and men, and the question of the elaboration of a draft declaration on the participation of women in the struggle for strengthening international peace and security, against colonialism, racism, racial discrimination, foreign aggression and occupation and all forms of foreign domination.

The 28th session of the United Nations Commission on the Status of Women met at the Vienna International Centre from 25 February through March 5 this year — the latest in the series of conferences on the subject. Addressing the opening session, the U.N. Assistant Secretary General, Centre for Social Development and Humanitarian Affairs, Ms. Helvi Sipilae, observed that "more dynamic efforts were needed to make women full participants and beneficiaries in their respective societies and in the world at large."

MORE PARTICIPATION IN NATIONAL LIFE

More needed to be done in the political and economic fields. She further said that more attention needed to be paid to women's growing contribution to global peace and security through greater female participation in international activities. On the question of the arms race, international security and world economic problems, she pointed out that women were not only entitled but obliged to contribute to finding solutions.

While reviewing the progress in implementing the World Plan of Action adopted at the International Women's Year Conference in 1975, it was observed that in most countries the situation of women of the so-called "backward sectors" of the population had worsened, particularly in respect to conditions of employment and education for women in the rural and the marginal urban sectors. In fact, illiteracy rates have increased in most developing countries. It was further pointed out that only in the higher and middle socio-economic strata did women gain some significant increases in educational opportunities. But this had not been followed by parallel increase in levels of employment even in certain developed countries and in those developing countries with higher industrialisation rates.

FALLING EMPLOYMENT LEVELS

It was further pointed out that in many cases inadequate application of technology has worsened the employment and health conditions of women. For example, in certain large industries, mostly owned by multinational corporations, new discriminatory practices appeared both in rural and urban areas. While in the urban areas increase in the employment of women was accompanied by an increase in the exploitation of cheap, semi-skilled female labour among young and unmarried women, in the rural areas women have been largely displaced and left without employment resulting in a larger migration of young women to the cities. In most developing countries women have not been integrated into national development planning. Wherever special programmes existed they failed for the most part, owing to their narrow focus on "female" activities, which in turn increased segregation based on sex.

Finally, the current world economic crisis has contributed to the worsening situation of women in general. In market oriented developed countries, the increase in employment levels for women was higher than that for men. In developing countries, employment levels for women in industry, especially in textile and clothing, where they usually show high levels of participation, have been negatively affected by protectionist measures imposed by developed countries.

According to ILO estimates, a little over 22 million girls from 10 to 14 years of age were working throughout the world in 1975. Over 17 million of these, or almost 80 per cent of the total, were in Asia. A very great majority of these girls were unpaid family workers mainly helping in agriculture. In the 65 plus age group however there were almost 9 million economically active women in Asia in 1975 and over 15 million throughout the world.

According to estimates, the female activity rate ranged from less than 1 per cent in Japan to over 37 per cent in Bhutan and Nepal in the 10-14 year age group. In Burma, India and Turkey the figure was around 20 per cent, but in 20 other countries it was under 10 per cent. Over the past 25 years, however, the activity rate of this group has been declining in almost all the Asian countries and, according to estimates, will continue to do so for the rest of this century.

The lowest female activity rate was found in certain Arab countries i.e. about 3 to 4 per cent and the highest in Bhutan, Nepal and Thailand i.e. over 70 per cent.

MEASURING INDIA'S PROGRESS

In India, attempts are being made to improve the status of women. The policy of the Government is to shift attention as well as future investments largely towards extending the out-reach services to the population nearer their homes, especially in rural and slum areas. Mrs. Shiela Kaul, MP, who represented India at the U.N. Conference also pointed out various programmes taken up by this country. She said, "My country is one of those where life expectancy for women is lower than men. I am, however, happy to say that there is a steadily increasing trend of life expectancy for women and also reduction in the difference between life expectancy for males and females. Thus while it was 46.4 years for males and 44.7 years for females in 1961-70, it is 52.6 years for males and 51.6 years for females in 1976-80."

Drawing attention to the several programmes activated, Mrs. Kaul said: "In the Community Health Volunteer Scheme, a person of the locality, of a mature age and outlook and some orientation towards social service, is picked up and given training and provided with a kit and a manual for promotive, preventive and elementary curative health service in the community at the rate of one such person for every 1000 population. So far nearly 1,20,000 CHVS have been selected and are in position in the rural communities in the country and the objective is to reach the figure of 600,000 in order to cover each village with such a volunteer. In terms of participation of women in different health occupations, there were 2,23,387 doctors registered with the Medical Council of India in 1977. Every year about 12,000 students are admitted to the medical colleges. About 25 per cent of them are girls. Nurses registered with the Indian Nursing Council at the end of 1976 numbered 1,01,652."

In the field of education too, which is an important area for policy initiatives for women's participation in development, efforts have been made by the Government to improve the situation. The enrolment of girls has increased in elementary classes (I-V) by 8.5 million during ten years, giving an average annual growth of 3.2 per cent. Similarly, in classes VI-VIII enrolment of girls has increased from 3.55 million to 6.64 million registering an annual growth rate of 5.8 per cent. However, in terms of percentage of girls enrolment to the total, it has improved from 37.2 per cent in 1968-69 to only 38.4 per cent in ten years.

The enrolment in classes IX to XII has increased from 0.1 to 0.17 per cent in 1950-51 to 3.17 per cent in 1977-78. In fact, girls enrolment is observed to be growing at a faster rate than that of boys. But it is still far from the desired level. The drop-out rate for girls is also unsatisfactory. Out of 100 who entered class I the number of girls reaching class V to VIII is 32 and 18 respectively. This gives a high drop out rate. Moreover, the drop out

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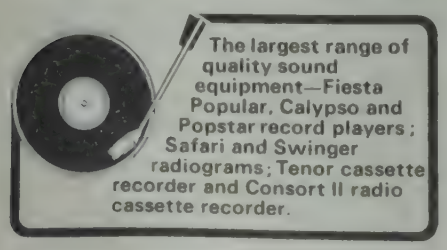

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IMPROVING THE STATUS OF WOMEN

rate remained unchanged from 1960-61 to 1976-77.

A programme of non-formal education for these children in the States where they are concentrated, has been initiated as a step to achieve the objective of universalisation of elementary education which has special relevance for girls as they form a majority of non-enrolled children. Also, the number of institutions extensively run for girls has increased considerably as also the number of women teachers in primary schools. This has increased from 28,281 in 1950-51 to 3,10,717 in 1966-67. It has increased from 12,887 to 2,02,263 in middle schools and from 19,982 to 2,06,327 in secondary schools during this period. There has been a phenomenal increase in the number of women teachers in colleges and universities. The number of women graduates in engineering, technology and architecture has increased from 978 to 2633 between 1970-71 and 1976-77 as compared to the increase for males from 89,111 to 1,05,567. In medicine the increase is 17,736 to 21,787 for girls and 68,471 to 91,463 for males. The increase among girl graduates of agriculture and forestry is from 144 to 813.

The need for adult literacy has been stressed in the national Five-Year Plans. Consequently, the percentage of literate population increased from 16.67 per cent in 1951 to 29.34 per cent in 1971. In the case of women, however, the percentage is only 18.44.

In the matter of employment it has been realised that laissez-faire in the labour market has discriminated against women in some parts of the country. They have lost traditional occupations as a result of changes which have transferred productive activity from homes and cottages to factories. The work force participation rate of women has been falling between 1911 to 1951 from 33.7 to 23.3 per cent.

In 1961 it turned out to be 28 per cent. The census of 1971 showing a participation rate of 12.7 per cent alarmed the planners. This was then studied further through the National Sample Survey and it was found that the women's participation rate has stuck to about 28 per cent.

As regards the unemployment position of women, it has been found that while chronic unemployment of women is lower than among men, their weekly or present unemployment rate is higher than for men. Coupled with this is the disturbing fact that while the women's share in the labour force is about 33 per cent, their share in total unemployment is nearly 40 per cent. This led Indian planners to accept that the labour market as it operates, is not neutral between men and women. The employment policy in the draft Five Year Plan for 1978-83, therefore, includes a special policy for women's employment consisting of promotion of their employment by expansion and diversification of education and training facilities available to women, elimination of bias against women's joining certain types of training and employment. Clear instructions have been issued to admit women students in all educational and training programmes to promote their employment in all industries and occupations which have been identified as "women-preferred" and to make a reasonable share of the cooperative and commercial bank credit and other aids available to potential women entrepreneurs and women's cooperatives employing a majority of women workers to promote self-employment and employment in small industry.

The strategy for the second half of the decade is to treat the movement for women's rights and equality only as a problem of the elite, though it cuts across all sections of society and is much more widespread among poor rural women.

There is a need to redefine the role and objectives of women's organisations so that they do not not limit their activities only to welfare. They must function as mobilising agencies to organise women, to coordinate development services and inputs as well as to provide facilities for developing skills, credit and marketing facilities and information on the social, political and economic rights of women.

Besides training women in leadership and decision making there has to be a reduction in the burden on women by way of establishing a network of child-care centres and organised socialisation of house work.

In short, a conscious effort has to be made to organise a wide based women's movement to meet the needs of women. Without this efforts the entire purpose of improving the status of women will be defeated.

K. C.

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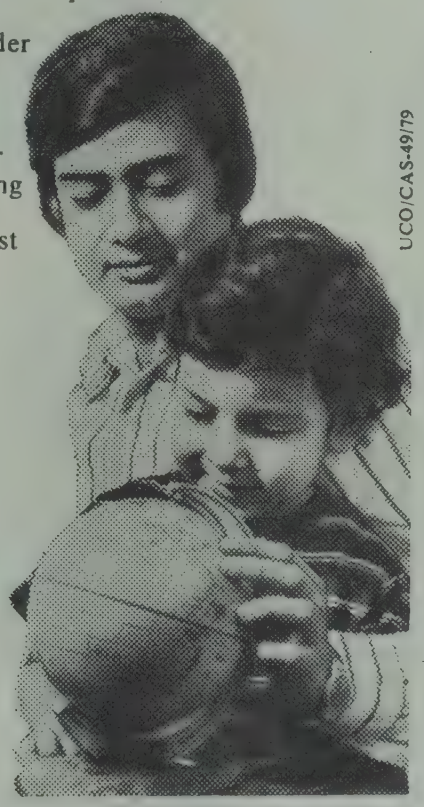

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HOME TUITIONS

After my travails in several avenues of so-called money spinning careers, I finally decided to venture into the lucrative trade of home tuitions. Lucrative it is and easy too. It pays well and, any person with a little time to spare, and with very moderate qualifications, can take up this trade and make good at it. With the current need among students, especially those in the eighth, ninth and tenth standards, to seek private tuition or coaching classes to get the astronomical marks necessary these days to enter a good college, the person planning to take up this business has a wide scope.

A couple of years ago, a friend, a housewife residing in the suburbs, wished to alleviate her boredom by taking up tuition during the afternoons when her husband is in his office and the children in their school.

Now she takes students only if they are of average or above average intelligence, and that too in batches of five. She fixes a remuneration of Rs. 250 per batch; if there are five students In a batch, each pays Rs. 50 per month for an hour's tuition on a three-day a week basis. She has six batches and she earns a substantial Rs. 1500, a month. All this for about three hours of work daily excluding Sundays.

This is in the suburbs, but just venture into the more posh areas of Malabar Hill or Cuffe Parade, and you can be sure of much more, anything from Rs. 200 to 250 per student. However, not all are as lucky. Some can find only two or three tuitions, but even so the supplementary income is quite useful.

Even a junior executive I know, with a good steady job, entered this financially rewarding occupation in his spare time.

Why, even students of the tenth and F.Y.J.C. teach students of the eighth and ninth thereby earning pocket money for themselves. In fact, parents prefer to employ them, as their charges are comparatively modest.

The trade flourishes today as never before. What with the increasing number of working mothers, indifferent teaching at school, enormous home work loaded on the poor students and the high marks students aim for, the modern child is introduced to private tuition from the tender age of five.

Lalitha Ramanathan

THE VOICES GROW LOUDER

AFTER YEARS OF OPPRESSION, THE ADIVASI WOMEN ARE NO LONGER WILLING TO BE EXPLOITED BY LANDLORDS, MONEY LENDERS AND BUREAUCRATS. THEIR ORGANISATION IS GROWING IN STRENGTH AND THEY WILL CONTINUE TO VOICE THEIR FEELINGS AND DEMAND JUSTICE

Mira Savara

Two hours away by car from Bombay, one reaches the town of Dahanu. At first glance it seems to be the usual sleepy small town. Only it looks prosperous. There are cars roaming the few streets, and the roads are lined with two-storied bungalows. Dahanu, and the area around it, is known for the chickoos and other fruits which are grown on the farms and sold in Bombay. The affluence of Dahanu is the result of this new economy of the area.

What is less known is the squalid story behind this prosperity — a story of simple, unlettered folk being cheated out of their heritage by their more prosperous and more wordly wise neighbours. These lands originally belonged to the tribals, to the Adivasis. Once the rich potential of these lands became clear, the money lenders in the area, the shop keepers, and people from the urban areas began a process of acquiring the land from the Adivasis. A young boy recalled how his mother's land was taken away.

"My father died when I was a small boy. At that time all the children were small. My mother was alone, with no other male in the family to help her to plough land. So the local landlord/moneylender told her that he would give her some money and she could give him the land for two years by which time her male children would be old enough to help her till the land. He said he was not taking away her land, and as proof he said that they would sign a paper that the land was in his care for only two years. He made her put her thumbprint on a piece of paper. Well, she had been fooled like hundreds before her. She had trusted an educated rich man. Why would he take away something from a poor woman, he's only trying to help her, she thought. I am still fighting the case that the land has been illegally taken away from us."

And so began the process. First a few acres near the villages and near the station were eased out from the tribals. Then the process extended until they were driven away from their lands to eke a precarious livelihood in the forests. What little land they retained could not support them so that for four months of the year they live off the products of the jungle — berries, roots, leaves and barks.

A woman took out the day's pick and put them in front of us. Some green grass-like leaves,

some black jungle bulbs. "We have to boil these once, let them soak overnight, then cook them again. The children cry when they see it. It's tough to eat because it scratches your throat and your insides. But what can we do? So we slap the crying child, and hungry as it is, it has to eat this food which the mouth and stomach do not want."

But even the forest has begun to yield less. The virgin jungle had a vast variety of trees and bushes which yielded edible roots, berries, leaves. But gradually the forest is being cut and being replaced with teak which has a far higher price in the market. And so these desperate Adivasis have lost even that source of bare sustenance and face widespread semi-starvation and malnutrition.

The sense of isolation one feels when one enters the area in which the tribals now live is something that has to be experienced because no words can describe the long 30-km walk to reach a village, a village which is miles away from any road, a village far away from communication with any place. We, two members of the Forum Against Rape who had gone to investigate, walked 30 kms to Damangaon, sometimes not passing a single house for over two, three hours. Roads (tarred) do exist, buses too, but only as far as the orchards.

The poverty in the area has made many of the men emigrate to Surat, Bombay and Ratnagiri in search of work. The men try and save a little money for use during transplanting time. So the women have to try and find some way of supporting themselves and the children. An organisation, the Kashtakari Sanghatna, organised the people to demand the starting of the EGS (Employment Guarantee Scheme) in the area and succeeded in providing work for some thousands of people. And most of the workers are women.

But predictably, the women faced problems with the government clerks. The muster rolls would be inflated, and when the women worked six days, they would get paid for five and sign for six days' work. All the extra money would get siphoned off into the pockets of the bureaucrats. The pretty girls would be singled out and the usual sexual favours demanded if they wanted work. They would be paid a little extra, and with starving children, how could they refuse? Even after working the full day their diet consisted of rice water in the morning, one meal, and rice water again at night.

The tribals' work also depended on the whims and fancies of the clerk. On April 21 this year he did not come, and work came to a halt. The same thing happened the next day. And the next. The women decided they would go to Dahanu and complain to the tehsildar. It was a 30 km walk to the city but hunger and indignation made them resolute

There were about 350 women, 100 children and 100 men. They reached the office at 5.00 p.m. The tehsildar was most understanding. He apologised for the behaviour of the clerk and assured them that work would start the next day.

Overjoyed, the Adivasis started on their 30-km trek back to their homes.

After about ten kms, when they were passing a shop, from the darkness came a group of men with chains, iron rods and sticks and began to beat the women. The Adivasis had got spread out during the long walk. The younger people had naturally gone ahead, so that the old and those carrying children were the main victims of the gang of hired goondas.

We saw one woman, 65 years old, who was beaten so badly she could not walk for six weeks. Another woman had a two-inch scar on her head where no hair was growing. At least ten others told us of beatings on their backs, legs and thighs. Two shots were heard. But the women did not panic. They gathered together and decided to seek safety in the nearby village.

Why the attack? The women felt that it was because of the fact that their organisation was growing in strength and they were showing signs of demanding justice. Their voice so far stilled, was beginning to be heard. Those who have been battening on them could not accept this threat to their prosperity. So the Adivasis have to be taught a lesson — that protest was disastrous. Make the tribals afraid, beat them up, keep them in their place and render them too scared to complain.

When women went the next day to file a complaint to the police they were told that there was a case of dacoity already filed against them by the shopkeeper. He alleged that the crowd had entered his shop and demanded bidis without paying, had smashed some bottles, and stolen from his cash box. But when the police dogs were brought to sniff the bottles they went straight to the shopkeeper's house! Even when the dog was taken to the tribal villages, and made to go to each house, it could not pick up any scent.

The attitude of Government officials to the tribals becomes evident when one learns of their treatment by the medical doctor. A 12-year-old girl recalled, "I went to the doctor because I had a wound on my leg. He started shouting at me. Told me all Adivasis are liars. That I was dirty. When I tried to show him my leg which was bleeding, he shouted at me not to take my leg near him as it was so dirty. Then he slapped me." The girl put one hand on her cheek and looked utterly crushed by the experience. There were tears in her eyes.

And all this only two hours' journey away from Bombay! But the tribal women are no longer willing to be sexually exploited by landlords, money lenders, bureaucrats. They are no longer willing to let others grow rich on their hard work. They got organised when they found out about the sexual abuse of a woman by a shop keeper. They surrounded his shop and insisted on his asking her forgiveness. He did that, but left the shop the next day never to be seen again. Perhaps others in the area are wondering when their turn will come. No wonder they are determined to terrorise the tribals into renewed submission as of yore.

The people of Dahanu are demanding an Independent judicial inquiry into the attack on the women. They are also demanding action against the medical officer who treated them so badly, and punishment of those who attacked them.

The Mathura case has shown how the law treats poor and defenceless women in the country. How long shall we allow this brutal treatment of women to continue?

As one woman said, "We got beaten, but at least the work began again and we could eat one meal. Because of the courage of 300 women, thousands have benefited. I, along with others will continue to organise, to voice our feelings and demands."

Securing justice is a slow and arduous process, but the Adivasi women of Dahanu have become strong and resolute in the cruel crucible of humiliation and suffering.

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with the most effective Fluoride formula to harden teeth against decay

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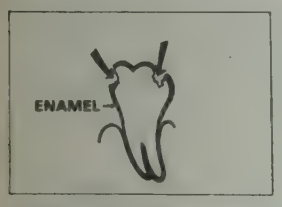

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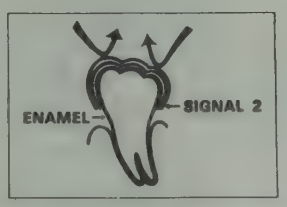

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DRIVE AWAY THE MONSOON BLUES

Rochelle D'Souza

KEEP YOUR YOUNGSTERS HAPPILY OCCUPIED RIGHT THROUGH THE RAINS

The monsoon is here, a welcome relief from the sweltering heat. But it brings in its wake a host of problems for young mothers. Throughout the summer vacation, your children have been expending energy — jogging, cycling, picnicking and playing.

But come the rains, and they are down in the dumps. They feel their wings have suddenly been clipped, as they stare out of the windows at the streaming sheets of rain. Then comes the inevitable question: "What shall we do this evening, Mum?"

Help them beat the rain blues with a variety of suggestions and things to do. Your kids will soon get tired of playing ludo and scrabble, or of reading comics, so come up with constructive ideas and before long the kids will jump at them, using their own creativity and imagination.

Equip them with card paper, scissors, glue, crayons or pictures and let them turn out greeting cards of every kind. Do not allow very young children to handle a pair of scissors individually, or there may be mishaps. They can draw or paint their own designs on cards, or cut out pictures from old cards and paste them on new ones. Let them write a cheery message inside in their own handwriting. They can make a variety of cards for every occasion — thank you cards, get-well cards, sympathy cards or notes of congratulations.

Do not stop at cards. While children are at paper craft, let them make gift-tags too or colourful book-marks. Another idea they could try their hands at is in the making of home-made gift wrapping paper. Slice a raw potato through the middle, and with a sharp knife, carve out a design on the cut surface — a flower, a star or a tree. Then take sheets of tissue paper or card paper, plain or coloured, and using colourful stamp-pads, press the carved surface of the potato on the pad. Stamp the design at regular intervals on the plain sheets of paper. You will have beautiful gift wrapping paper with a difference. Make matching gift-tags to go with the wrapping paper.

Youngsters can make delightful mobiles for their bedrooms. Let them cut out pictures of their favourite comic characters — Richie Rich, Dennis, etc. Mount these on stiff cardboard and suspend them at various lengths from the ceiling by means of a long thread. Or let them make a collage for their bedroom walls by cutting pictures of their favourite cricketeers (from sports magazines), or cars, or dogs or horses. Stick these in a random, but appealing design, on large sheets of stiff paper. You can cover an entire door as well in this fashion, also creating an interesting focal point for the room. For your kitchen they could create a collage from colourful food and drink ads from magazines.

Finally, your children could attempt to make their own sets of stationery — personalised letter-paper with matching envelopes. Buy a pad of plain writing paper, which they can decorate either by sticking tiny pictures at the top or bottom or by painting a pretty border pattern. Echo a part of the motif on plain envelopes to make a matching set.

Introduce your children to the joys of gardening. Collect empty plastic cartons or tins and boxes (cheese tins, cigarette tins or ice-cream cartons). Painted coconut shells make natural pot-holders too. Recycle these plain containers and give them a new look by covering them up with gay floral wrapping paper or even with fabric. Bore tiny holes at the bottom to allow even drainage. Use these fancy holders to plant tiny cuttings of plants, or a variety of cactii and succulents.

Alternatively, you could help them make a miniature cactii garden. Take a large plastic bowl or basin, fill it with earth, after ensuring adequate outlets for drainage. Plant cactii and succulets in little groups all over. Add large and small pebbles, little sea-shells or tiny coloured glass ornaments and marbles, to achieve a more attractive effect. Let your kids water their miniature Japanese cactii garden according to the humidity of the atmosphere. Avoid watering on very wet days as cactii require very little moisture.

Teach your little daughter macrame, the new, popular craft, and make exquisite hanging holders for potted plants. There are several books on the art of macrame available in craft shops. Swinging plants in macrame holders look lovely, hanging in the balcony or kitchen at graduated heights.

Continued on page 45

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

I'VE NEVER BEEN SO TIRED IN MY LIFE
YOU POOR DEAR
YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD AGAIN....YOU NEED A NICE REST –
I NEVER KNOW WHEN TO STOP-
LET ME HELP YOU TO BED
I'M REALLY BEAT!
JUST LIE DOWN HERE AND I'LL COVER YOU UP
NOW GET A GOOD LONG REST... IT'S BEEN A REAL TOUGH DAY --
EIGHT STRAIGHT HOURS ON THE TELEPHONE, YOU KNOW!
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12-30

THE LITTLE WOMAN

THAT'S A LAUGH!

At a formal dance a sophomore discovered that he was standing on his lady friend's gown hem. He had the presence of mind to remark:

"Though I may not have the power to draw an angel down from heaven, I have one pinned to the earth."

She excused him.

* * *

"I feel like punching the boss on the jaw again."

"Gosh, did you say again?"

"Yes, I felt like doing it once before."

* * *

"How can you stand these small rooms?"

"Well, everything is in proportion. We even use condensed milk."

* * *

An order — and an acknowledgement:

"Send radio — if good, will send cheque."

"Send cheque — if good, will send radio."

He: "If a man steals, no matter what, he will live to regret it."

She: "How about those kisses you used to steal before we were married?"

He: "You heard what I said."

* * *

Little Diana: "Mother, they are going to teach us domestic silence at school now."

Mother: "Don't you mean domestic science, darling?"

Father: "There's a bare hope that Diana means what she is saying."

* * *

An agitated young man ran frantically down the ferry slip, leaped across a strip of water and landed with a crash on the deck of the boat. "Well," he gasped, as he picked himself up, "I made it."

"What's your hurry?" asked a deck hand. "This boat is coming in."

* * *

There was an old man from Peru,

Who dreamed he was eating his shoe.

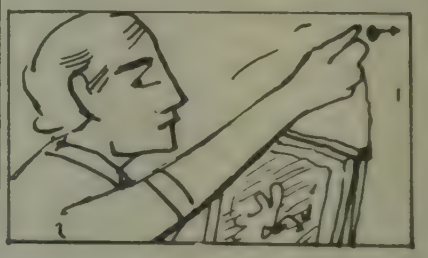
He awoke in the night,

In a terrible fright —

And found it was perfectly true.

* * *

The wife of a small farmer sold her surplus butter to a grocer in a nearby town. On



one occasion the grocer said, "Your butter was underweight last week."

"Now, fancy that," said Mrs. Farmer. "Baby mislaid my weight that day, so I used the pound of sugar you sold me."

* * *

"Gracious, dear," said the timid lover, "what could that be?"

"Oh," replied the girl, "that's just father dropping a hint."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

THE SUNSET CHILDREN

CHILDREN ARE THE CHEAPEST AND MOST EXPLOITABLE FORM OF HUMAN LABOUR. INEFFECTIVE LEGISLATION, UNSCRUPULOUS EMPLOYERS AND SHEER NECESSITY, RESULT IN THE LONG HOURS AND MEAGRE PAY THAT IS THEIR MISERABLE LOT

Usha Rai

It is still dark at 4 a.m. when buses roll out of the Sivakasi sheds to pick up children of eight to 16 from the neighbouring villages for their day's work in the match factory owned largely by two local families.

From each family in the village, four to five kids are taken. They work the whole day, sticking sulphur heads to thin sticks. Their fingers burn and their eyes smart, but the work must continue, for a day's toil means Rs. 2 a child or Rs. 8 to 10 for a family with four or five children. By the time the day's work is done the sun is a ball of yellow and orange which the child seldom sees. It is 8 p.m. when the buses drop them home for a quick meal and sleep. Between 5 a.m. and 8 p.m. the child has had just an hour's break.

These are the children who miss the daylight, have never been to a school and don't know the meaning of childhood. Yet at Diwali and Dussehra these children help make the crackers and the glowing fireworks that the affluent child enjoys.

Sometime ago, when one of these buses carrying children to work met with an accident and several of the children died, there was a hue and cry in the Tamil Nadu State Assembly. But as the emotion charged speeches tapered off, the Sivakasi children were again left in the same pitiable condition. As a part of the unorganised sector, they have virtually no legal rights. They have no proper wages or paid leave, or compensation should they meet with an accident at work. They are unprotected daily wage earners whose names do not even figure in an employment register; for they are considered apprentices. They are "beasts of burden with no protection," as Mrs. Margaret Alva, a member of the committee appointed by the Labour Ministry to do a detailed study of working children, put it.

In South Karnataka and parts of Kerala, children work at home with the other members of the family, rolling bidis and making scented agarbattis. Agarbattis are bad for the skin and eyes and the bidi leaf affects the lungs and skin and could cause tuberculosis. But it is a well established cottage industry and the family takes the risk because there is money in it.

In certain parts of West Bengal there are four to five looms in every house. Children of eight to ten years work on the looms as proficiently as adults. For weaving a sari a child gets Rs. 8. So he works for 12 to 14 hours to complete the length and claims Rs. 8 from the "mahajan" or contractor.

When members of the committee studying child labour asked mothers why they did not send their children to school they were told quite frankly. "Sending them to school does not bring the family any money." The only silver lining to this grim, matter-of-fact approach to life is that the child is at home and is not exposed to the travails of factory work.

In Calcutta city several little ones are engaged by numerous foundries. They collect metal scrap which the foundries melt and pour into moulds. The work is difficult as well as risky. But neither the children nor the employers admit that the children are regular workers. Whenever there is a check by the labour office the owners as well as the kids maintain they only collect the scrap and deliver it.

In the big cities, hundreds of children from the neighbouring towns and villages work in dhabas and canteens serving tea and washing dishes. They get paid Rs. 35 to Rs. 40 a month plus free meals. They sleep in the dhaba itself or out on the pavement with the sky for a roof. They have no fixed working hours or off days. Privilege leave and casual leave are unheard of for the "mundus" as they are called.

In the cities hawking newspapers at traffic inter-sections has become mainly a child's job. The children dodge between vehicles and coax and cajole commuters into buying a newspaper. On each paper sold they get a commission of two to seven paise. Most of them have been hit by speeding cars, scooters and cycles, but there is no compensation. Their day begins at 7 a.m. and ends at 7 or 8 p.m. when the last newspaper has been sold. The age of the child hawker varies from seven years to 14. He hands over the day's earnings to his parents. Every morning he gets bus fare and money enough for a cup of tea and some biscuits.

According to the ILO convention, no child below the age of 14 is supposed to work. In India too the minimum age for employment varies from 12 to 14 years in the different States. It is 12 in Assam, Bihar, Gujarat, Jammu and Kashmir, Madhya Pradesh, Maharashtra, Karnataka, Orissa, Tripura, West Bengal and Delhi and 14 years in Andhra Pradesh, Himachal, Kerala, Tamil Nadu, Punjab, U.P. and Pondicherry. In certain harmful industries like mining, producing atomic and other mineral products exuding radiation, children below 18 years are not allowed to work.

But in India child labour seems unavoidable. Either the child goes out and earns his livelihood or takes to the street and starves. Our educational system has not been able to absorb the total child population nor have economic conditions reached a level where parents can support their young ones. According to one report children contribute about a fourth of the family income on an average.

Continued on page 50

Start a new cooking idea today... to make tasty dishes go a long way.

Mealmaker

makes those delicious dishes go a longer way– with more nutrition too.

Family meals are always a pleasure—Mealmaker makes them more so. It helps you serve generous mutton and vegetarian meals to fulfil the heartiest appetites of your growing children and happy husband. It helps you provide ample and tasty servings to delight your guests too.

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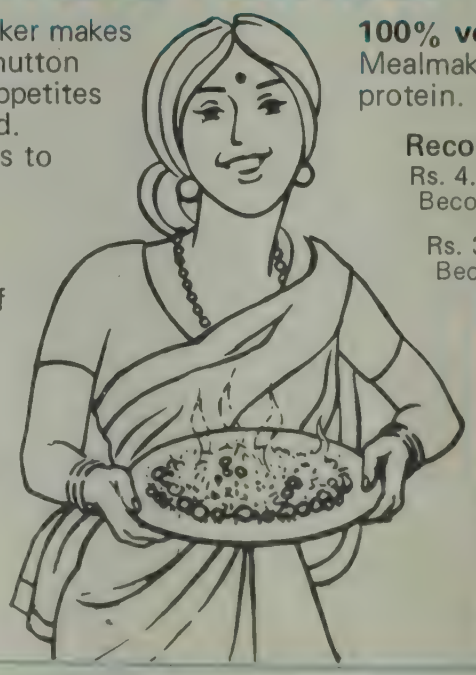

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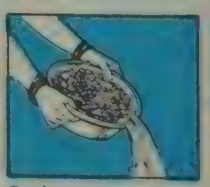
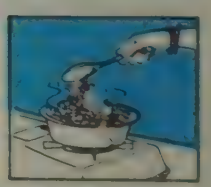
Becomes almost a kilo when cooked.

Soak in warm, slightly salted water— 20 minutes.



Drain out water.



Add to main dish and cook together.

Manufactured by
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ARUN GOVIL: STARDOM ONLY A MATTER OF TIME

Adelaide Chand

Mild-mannered, soft-spoken, cherubic-faced Arun Govil is the latest young star-aspirant to have his sights firmly fixed on superstardom. And there's little doubt he'll achieve it.

Producers have dubbed him "the most talented among the present crop of newcomers."

His mentors, the Rajshris (who gave him his first break in "Paheli"), describe him as "hard-working, talented and dedicated." His colleagues agree: "For Arun, stardom is only a matter of time." Simple, with whom he'd been linked recently (there were rumours of a marriage between them), calls him "very ambitious and career-conscious. He's always discussing the films he's bagged and the films he intends to bag. . ."

This Rajshri whiz-kid had a lot of amateur stage and radio work to his credit before he came to Bombay and met the Rajshris, who were so impressed by him that they cast him in one film after another — "Paheli" (with Nameeta Chandra), "Saanch Ko Aanch Nahin" (with Madhu Kapoor), "Radha Aur Seeta" (with Reeta Bhaduri and Abha Dhulia) and "Sawan Ko Aane Do" (with Zarina and Rita Bhaduri).

"The main reaction I got from audiences after these films were released — and the most significant one I think, was: 'The boy can act'," says Arun Govil. There's little doubt that films like "Sawan Ko Aane Do" established his considerable talent.

"Now I'm waiting for the release of my latest, "Gangadham," which I'm convinced will work wonders for me: I have a fantastic role — that of a boy who gets paralysed mentally and physically. The movie has already been released in Bihar and Bengal, where it broke all collection records for the past 30 years." Arun's pinning all his hopes on "Gangadham" — and little wonder!

His co-star in "Gangadham" is Nameeta Chandra, who had made her debut with him earlier in "Paheli". At present the vibes between the two are far from warm, and reportedly Arun's been turning down films co-starring him with Nameeta. She in turn asserts that there's no love lost between the two of them. "He'd already begun acting like a big star while "Gangadham" was being made," she says. "He always had a lot of chamchas hanging around."

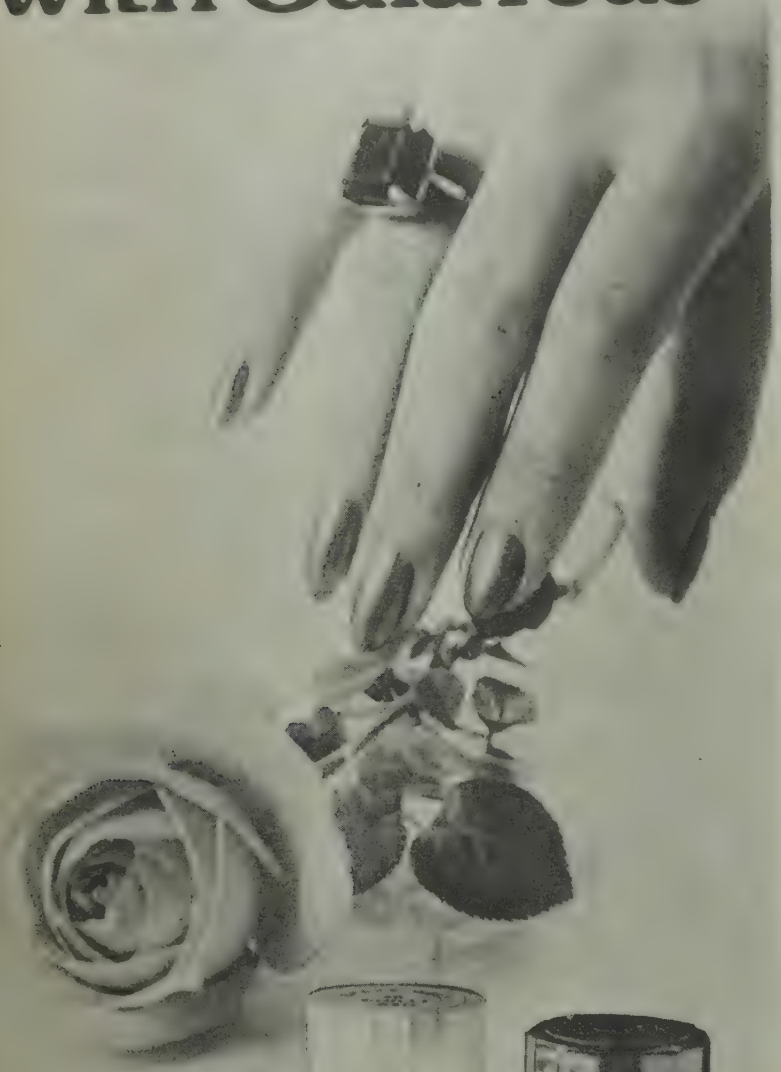
Arun retorts quietly and firmly. "They weren't chamchas. They were good friends who had come all the way from my hometown in U. P. to see me. How people misunderstood! Anyway, I don't want to get involved in any controversy concerning Nameeta. If I get any good offers opposite her, I won't hesitate to accept."

Most directors, quickly sizing up Arun's soft, sensitive features, have decided he's best cut out for romantic roles. Does Arun think he can usher in the era of the romantic hero once again? "Well, I do think I have an aptitude for romantic roles, but as an actor I'd like to be versatile. I feel quite at home doing tough roles as well. In fact, quite a few producers have signed me on for action roles — I'm doing two films with Mr. A. V. Mohan, 'Man Gaye Ustad' and 'Kasam Bhavani Ke', both of them tough, violent roles. Then I'm doing a film called 'Commander' directed by Rakesh Kumar, and 'Judaai' with Jeetendra and Rekha."

Now that Arun's slipped comfortably and easily into the commercial mainstream, has he lost touch with his discoverers, the 'Rajshris'? "I don't think so," he says. "I'm still very much a Rajshri artiste. I've signed with them for three films — one of them is 'Tansen' — their biggest film to date, for which they are searching for the modern equivalent of Madhubala to play the female lead. And one thing I'd like to say — I'll always be available for Rajshri whenever they need me!"

Photograph : Abner Bhastekar

hit the nails with Gala reds



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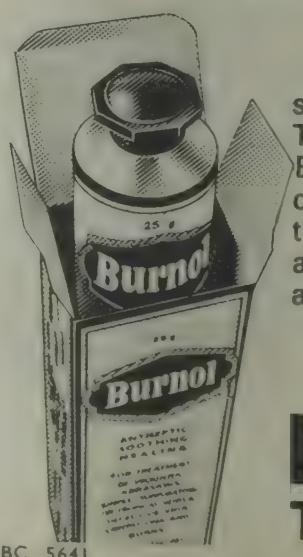

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CREATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY

A brief course on how to take photographs instead of just snapshots.

—14

CHILDREN AT PLAY

Homi Kharas

Children are at their liveliest and best in their natural surroundings. So go to a playground and shoot to your heart's content. They'll be too busy to notice your presence. Use a fairly fast shutter speed to capture action and pre-set the distance at 3 to 5 metres to take care of most situations. Trying to focus the camera for each shot is futile because children are too quick and you might miss a good shot.

Try to isolate the subject from the background or else the figures will merge into the surroundings instead of standing out in bold relief. In the first picture, only the first two girls stand out against the sky. I should have taken a different viewpoint to get them all against the sky or a plain wall.

For my second picture I pointed the camera up at the sky and waited for the swing to come up. At the right moment I clicked, and see how well the two figures stand out in isolation.

THE WINNING COLLECTION

Courtesy: Nalini Sarees, Defence Colony, Flyover Market, New

This is the first of six fashion features which will enable you to win a wardrobe from Delhi's most popular and exclusive boutique, NALINI SAREES. This "Winning Wardrobe" scheme was announced in Eve's Weekly issues dated June 28 and July 5, 1980.

Prizes are in the form of readymade garments. Attractive and smart salwar-churidar ensembles printed in traditional designs and heart warming colours. Gorgeous sarees ranging from mulmuls, cottons and organdies to chiffons and silks. Clip and keep the coupons published every month. The six coupons collected from serial Nos. 1 - 6, will entitle you to participate in the lucky draw.

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eve's weekly / nalini SAREES 1

THE WINNING COLLECTION

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2. The six coupons numbered 1—6 must be sent **in one lot,** latest by **January 25,1981,** after the publication of the 6th feature in December 1980.
3. Only the six coupons collected should be sent to the Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Peraj Building, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay — 400 023.

CUT HERE

Photographs : Taiyeb Badshah

A BRIDE FOR UNCLE SUDHIR

Veena Seshadri

THE moment I saw her standing there on the platform, big, laughing eyes, and face as fresh as the champak flowers in the valley below, I knew that she was the girl for my Uncle Sudhir.

"There!" I said eagerly, "There she is, by the food counter. You know, near that tiny shop with the board that says, 'Fare Prices.' She's wearing a green sari with a yellow border and has an arc of jasmine in her hair, just as it says in the letter," and I looked up eagerly at Uncle Sudhir.

But his face was like the beginning of a thunder storm, and in three long strides he was beside her.

"Are you Miss Rao?" He looked with a kind of I've-found-a-caterpillar-in-my-coffee expression at the huddle of bags and bundles lying around her feet.

"Yes." The smile was quick and warm, but Uncle Sudhir wasn't looking at her at all.

"I'm Sudhir Murthy and this is my niece, Mridula."

I smiled at her and Uncle Sudhir looked hard at her luggage again.

"Does all this belong to you?" he asked, in an aggrieved voice as if he would have to carry them on his own back.

"Yes," she said nervously, "I'm terribly sorry. . ."

That's perfectly all right," he cut in, making it very plain that it wasn't all right at all, "I'd better see how I can get all this stuff into my car, while Mridula keeps you company. So, if you'll excuse me. . ."

He picked up a large suitcase and something that looked like a sawn off leg, wrapped in sackcloth, and strode out of the station, leaving us to trail behind with the porter, who was carrying the rest of the luggage.

When Uncle Sudhir is annoyed, he cannot conceal it, although he really is the kindest, sweetest person I've ever known.

Take this fabulous holiday, for instance. I only had to write and tell Uncle Sudhir that I was dying to get away from Bombay for a while and, believe it or not, he immediately asked me to spend my summer holidays with him!

And so, there I was, in the sleepy little town of Kapila, high on the hills, where Uncle Sudhir is the Principal of an exclusive boarding school.

But right now, in the car park outside the station, Uncle Sudhir didn't look the kindly soul he is.

"Scram, go and look around till I call, and take Miss Rao with you," growled Uncle Sudhir after I had tried to help and dropped something square and heavy on his toes and blurted out, "Uncle Sudhir, I think it ticks."

So, Miss Rao and I strolled across the road to "look around." Down in the valley below, one by one, the tribals were lighting their oil lamps, and soon their encampment looked like a fairy carnival. I heard Miss Rao catch her breath, and she looked sort of ecstatic like my kid brother does when he sees jam on the breakfast table.

"Come on, let's go, it's all in," called out Uncle Sudhir, mopping his face, and we hurried back to the car.

And then, he saw Aruna — that's what Miss Rao had asked me to call her. I mean, he really **looked** at her for the first time. And I can tell you, he certainly didn't feel like turning cartwheels with joy.

"Mrs. Swami led me to expect someone older, more experienced," he said, looking accusingly at her.

Mrs. Swami is a big, motherly lady who helps him with his school. She had fallen ill all of a sudden, and had been packed off on a holiday.

But, before leaving, she had told Uncle Sudhir about a friend of hers, whose daughter wanted to spend some time in the South.

"She's a trained teacher, very level headed and dependable," Mrs. Swami had said. And I bet Uncle Sudhir had imagined someone plain, owl-faced and fortyish.

"I don't know how you're going to manage," his voice was funereal, "the kids are a real handful."

"Mr. Murthy, I've been teaching all kinds of children from some of the worst slums in Bombay for the past seven years, so I don't see why I shouldn't be able to cope with your bunch," and she no longer sounded soft and dreamy.

I cheered silently.

"Oh!" Uncle Sudhir looked as if the car bonnet had swung around and bitten him. "I thought you had completed your training recently."

"Would you like to check my references and certificates?" Aruna asked, a challenge in her voice.

"Oh no, there's no hurry. You can certainly try, if you feel equal to it," Uncle Sudhir said hastily, as he certainly needed a teacher urgently from the very next day.

And Aruna's face went all soft again and she smiled gently at him.

I know when there's a crowd. So I pulled open the car door at the back and dived in forgetting the vegetables Uncle Sudhir had picked up for the boys' lunch the next day, and piled up there.

What looked like an avalanche of vegetables tumbled down helter skelter out of the car.

Uncle Sudhir muttered something under his breath. It was the same word Daddy hollered the day my kid sister slammed the car door on his fingers.

Thoughts of Aruna gazing soulfully into Uncle Sudhir's eyes vanished at once. It isn't all that easy to float on Cloud No. 9 when you're on all fours chasing squashed tomatoes and bruised cabbages.

The vegetables restored, most of them at least, we drove back to the school in silence, with a sack of potatoes over my knees and sticks of cold, wet celery waving drunkenly about my cheeks and ears.

The days sped by and Aruna settled down as if she had al-

ways belonged there. The children adored her from the very beginning, and the more I saw of her, the more I liked what I saw.

I sat back and waited for Uncle Sudhir and Aruna to fall in love and start gaping at each other like sick cows, but then, Uncle Sudhir just wouldn't play. I wasn't so sure about Aruna, and the more I thought of it, the more dissatisfied I grew.

Uncle Sudhir is kind, intelligent and fun to be with, but right then, he was about as romantic as a broken tooth. Perhaps, like Daddy's old car, he needed a mighty push to get him started, I thought to myself.

I ran to the garden, flopped down under my favourite jacaranda tree and kicked off my slippers. You see, I always think better that way, and sure enough, I came up with a whopper of an idea. I would invent a boy friend for Aruna and make Uncle Sudhir jealous!

Classes were over for the day, and Uncle Sudhir was reading a book in his study.

"Uncle Sudhir," I said softly. "Don't you think Aruna's pretty?"

"Um-m-m", he flipped over a page and continued to read.

"It's a pity about her boy friend isn't it? He's simply awful, but she thinks the world of him."

Uncle Sudhir looked up and frowned. "Has Miss Rao been discussing her personal affairs with you? I must have a word with her."

"Oh, no!" I cried, horrified. "She just said a few vague things and I put two and two together."

"And made eight, no doubt." His face had gone hard and grim. "Hasn't anybody told you to keep your long nose out of other people's affairs, Miss Smarty?"

"I wouldn't have bothered if it had been someone else, Uncle Sudhir. Honestly, I mean it. But I like Aruna, she's so sweet and trusting, I don't want her to get hurt. It's terrible to think she's mixed by with a gay Cass. . . Cass. . . Cassava or something, like Vinod, who'll cast her aside like a worn out wig," I said all in one breath.

"Phew!" Uncle Sudhir was laughing. Actually laughing, if you please!

"But Uncle Sudhir," I wailed, desperate now. "Vinod is simply awful! He's one of those heartless creeps who'd kick a dying kitten between the eyes, and Aruna's so trusting." I dropped my voice and whispered, "He's a Male Charmist Pig!" I didn't know what it meant, but once I'd heard my sister Uma call her boy friend that, when he'd laughed at her new hair do, and said it made her look like a dying porcupine, instead of the nice, sensible girl that she was. And was she mad at him!

But Uncle Sudhir laughed so hard that he nearly fell off his chair.

"Don't be ridiculous," he said at last. "If Miss Rao hasn't been discussing her boy friend with you, how could you possibly know anything about him?" he demanded crossly.

"Oh, I just know," I said, looking very wise, and bounced out of the room, leaving him just a wee bit thoughtful.

After that, Uncle Sudhir did pay a little more attention to Aruna. Once, when I had taken her to a meadow, beyond the wood, to show her the wild flowers glittering in the grass, we came across Uncle Sudhir.

He joined us at once, and even showed us a bird's nest with three speckled eggs. I don't really remember what happened next. But soon, Uncle Sudhir was smiling at Aruna and Aruna was smiling back at him, and they began talking of some guy called Brahms they're both mad about. I'd never heard of him, but he seems to have dished out any number of groovy numbers, years and years and years ago.

I wondered aloud if he'd lived in a cave, but no one paid me any attention, so I left them alone and walked away into the sunset. You see, I'm very tactical that way.

They returned home very late, for when I peeped out, the moon was out and looked as if the eucalyptus tree had caught it between its branches.

But it ended there. Uncle Sudhir went back to his usual pipe smoking, chess playing, Mridula-eat-your-vegetables self, but Aruna was beginning to grow a trifle wan and broody.

One day, I suddenly discovered that there was just a week to go before Mrs. Swami returned, and Uncle Sudhir was showing about as much interest in wedding bells as in hijacking a 'plane.

Something Had To Be Done. Fast! And of course, I had to do it. So, that very evening I caught up with Aruna as she was walking back to her room after tea.

"Aruna, there's something I want to show you near Lover's Leap," I panted.

"What is it?" she asked somewhat impatiently as if she'd prefer to be left alone to brood.

I tried to look very mysterious like a Russian spy or something, "I can't tell you now," I whispered. "I'll meet you there in ten minutes."

UNCLE SUDHIR IS INTELLIGENT AND FUN TO BE WITH, BUT RIGHT THEN HE WAS AS ROMANTIC AS A BROKEN TOOTH. PERHAPS, LIKE DADDY'S OLD CAR, HE NEEDED A MIGHTY PUSH TO GET STARTED

Aruna looked very puzzled, "I do wish you'd tell me what on earth you're up to. Why all this mystery?"

"I'll explain everything there. Now, please go," I pleaded, almost pushing her along the path.

"Oh, all right," she said at last and took the path leading to that tragically romantic spot.

I raced back home and found Uncle Sudhir in his study, playing chess by himself.

"Aruna had a letter from Vinod today, Uncle. A real nasty one by the look on her face." I said in a voice like a stomachache.

Uncle Sudhir looked up warily. "I have a good mind to send for Aruna, (ah-ha, it was "Aruna" now) and warn her not to discuss her personal affairs with you."

"But, she didn't, she didn't!" I cried, horrified at the idea, "and if, on top of that nasty letter, you're going to be cruel to her as well, I bet she'll cry and cry, until your table floats away."

He flinched. "Oh, very well, then, but what the devil do you expect me to do?"

"She was reading his letter." I continued, "and then, she suddenly grew pale and mumbled. 'Oh God! I can't believe it's all over.' or something like that. And then, the next minute, she was out of the house, and practically running down that rocky path — you know, the one with all those marigolds on either side."

Uncle Sudhir didn't say a word.

"My goodness!" I said suddenly, opening my eyes very wide. "That's the way to Lover's Leap! She's probably thinking of throwing herself into the valley below."

"Oh, don't be ridiculous!" Uncle cut in impatiently.

I pretended not to hear. "I would have gone after her myself, but I fell off the neem tree this afternoon and my ankle's twisted," I said mournfully. "And I saw a snake there only yesterday. It looked like a cobra." I shot him a sidelong glance hopefully.

He was looking somewhat worried now. "Why on earth didn't you tell me about it earlier?" he demanded. "Anyway, it won't get dark for another hour or so. She can see quite well now."

"That's what you think! But the state she's in, I'll bet you anything she won't notice an elephant if it sat down beside her and wiggled its ears. Do go and fetch her, Uncle Sudhir!"

He glanced at his watch, and then looked out of the window. The sky had turned a pale grey.

"All right then, I'll go and look for her," he growled. "If anyone calls, say I'll be back in half an hour." He pushed back his chair and strode out of the room without waiting for me to speak.

Several half hours passed with no sign of Uncle Sudhir or Aruna. I dawdled over my dinner and then curled up on the living room sofa with a book on my stomach. Much later, when I was about to crawl into bed, long past my bed time, I heard voices outside. So I sank back into the sofa, closed my eyes, and pretended to sleep.

"All those lies, and spoken so artlessly. . .that girl should be walloped with the business end of a hair brush." It was Uncle Sudhir's voice.

"Oh Sudhir, how could you? she's such a scheming little dear." I could hear the smothered laughter in Aruna's voice, "But for her, this would never have happened. Let's go and tell her." Footsteps.

Then I felt Aruna's hand on my cheek. "Mridula, Mridula wake up! We're engaged, your Uncle Sudhir and I."

I opened my left eye, "I knew it would happen," I murmured.

"Oh, did you, Miss Smarty?" it was Uncle Sudhir trying very hard to sound indignant, "and how?"

"Mom says I'm very perspective. That's how," I answered sleepily.

They looked at each other for a moment and then burst out laughing for no earthly reason at all.

LIP POTION–IN 6 DELICIOUS FLAVOURS

wear it plain or over lipstick

for lip lustre

FROM THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD OF MAX FACTOR NATURALLY

INGREDIENTS : The Right Way

CHEESE

Cheese is a valuable food, an appetising source of protein, calcium and vitamins. It enhances the flavour of many a food and because of a general acceptance of this belief, a menu seems bare without its mention. It is sprinkled over soups and salads, cooked with meat and vegetables, and included in desserts as well. Choice of Indian cheese is restricted to processed cheddar or paneer, which is often made at home. There are however, stronger cheeses equivalent to foreign Parmesan or Gruyere made by private organisations in Ooty and Kalimpong. Rarely can one lay one's hands on some imported varieties, but they are known to be sold at the delicatessen of large hotels.

Premila Lal

A brief explanation of the cheeses featured here:

Gruyere — a Swiss cheese, widely used in cooking because of its flavour. Pale yellow, honeycombed with holes, contains a higher percentage of butterfat than Emmenthal. Ooty or Kalimpong cheese can be substituted.

Emmenthal — originally from Switzerland, is best for desserts. Made from highest quality of milk, dull yellow with slightly bigger holes.

Bel Paese — the most famous Italian cheese. Ivory colour with a thin, dark yellow rind. Soft and delicate with a salty flavour.

Parmesan—a hard Italian cheese. Offwhite inside a black rind. Strong and pungent — excellent for cooking, especially in soups.

Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

Food Courtesy: Cafe Royale,

Danish Blue — is white with close blue veins. Strong in flavour. Made from homogenised milk. Has a soft crumbly texture.

The Danish Molbo — has an acidy taste. Pale yellow with sprinkle of holes, has a red wax rind.

Cottage cheese—or Paneer is the production of curds by adding acid substances to milk. The curds separated from the whey is further pressed into a slab under pressure. Useful in preparing some of the most popular Indian sweets and incorporated into a variety of vegetarian dishes.

ITALIAN STUFFED CABBAGE

1 kg green cabbage
1 onion, chopped
500 grams lean pork, ground
500 grams tomatoes, peeled
3 tbsps. olive oil
1 clove, garlic
1/3 cup cheddar cheese, grated
1 tsp. salt

Parboil the whole cabbage in boiling water for ten minutes, drain and cool. In a skillet, saute the garlic, onion and pork in olive oil, until the onion is tender. Remove from heat, add cheese. Pull cabbage leaves apart, without separating from the head. Place the filling between leaves, and tie with cord to hold in place. Add salt to tomatoes, place half of tomatoes in a deep pot, place the stuffed cabbage over the tomatoes, and pour the remaining tomatoes over the cabbage. Cover tightly and cook over low heat for one hour. Serve cabbage on a platter. Cut in wedges and serve.

CHEESE STUFFED PEPPERS

6 large green peppers
1½ cups rice, uncooked
2 tbsps. parsley, minced
4 tbsps. Cheddar or Gruyere, shredded
2 tbsps. raisins or currants or nuts
2 tbsps. Parmesan or strong Ooty cheese, grated
2 medium onions, chopped
4 tbsps. olive oil
1 tsp. salt
2½ cups tomato juice

Remove the seeds from the peppers. Cut a thin slice from the bottom of each so that they stand upright. Blanch in scalding water. Drain. Cook the onions in three tablespoons of oil until soft. Add rice, stir to glaze, then add parsley, cheese, raisins, salt and one and quarter cups of the tomato juice. Cook covered until the liquid evaporates. Cool slightly. Stuff peppers with this mixture. Brush the outside with one tablespoon olive oil. Place in oiled casserole. Sprinkle Parmesan over top. Pour the remaining tomato juice around the stuffed peppers. Bake in 350°F oven for one hour.

Variation: Instead of nuts and raisins, half cup of any chopped leftover meat or chicken may be used.

CHANNA PANEER

2 litres milk
1 lime
1 kg kabuli channa
½ tsp. cooking soda
2 tbsps. curd
3 tbsps. ghee
2 large onions
Garam masala
Salt and chilli powder to taste
2, 2-inch pieces ginger
Amchoor to taste
Coriander leaves, chopped
4 green chillis, lightly fried

Boil the milk, squeeze the lime into it and remove from the fire. When the milk curdles, cool and put it in a clean muslin cloth. Tie up the ends and hang up to drain out all the whey. Remove from the cloth, spread evenly on a flat dish with a heavy weight. on top to further drain out the liquid. Then cut into small square pieces. Deep fry in ghee until light brown. Remove.

Wash and soak the channa overnight with cooking soda. Next day boil in fresh water with salt to taste until tender.

Grind the onions and ginger to a fine paste. Heat the ghee in a pan and brown the onions and ginger paste. Add the chilli powder, curds and cooked channa. Cook for about ten minutes, mix well, then remove from fire and sprinkle with garam masala and amchoor. Add the fried paneer, mix and serve, garnished with coriander leaves and green chillis.

PANEER (Cottage Cheese)

TO PREPARE PANEER :

2 pints milk
1 pint sour whey

Heat the milk, stirring continuously to prevent the cream forming on the top. Remove from heat when it boils and gradually stir in the sour whey. Stir till the milk curdles and then let stand for twenty minutes. Then strain through a muslin cloth and squeeze out all the liquid. The cream cheese thus formed is called paneer.

RASGOLLAS

2 pints milk
1 kg sugar
1 tbsp. flour
1 pint sour whey

Make paneer as above. Add flour and knead until smooth and pliable. Divide the dough into eight or sixteen small portions. In each portion put a grain or two of sugar candy and roll to form a ball. Make a thin syrup by combining one kilo sugar and three pints water and cook over low heat. Add two tablespoons milk to the boiling syrup so that the scum comes to the top of the syrup. Remove the scum with a spoon. Drop the rasogoolas in the clean boiling syrup, and boil for ten minutes. Sprinkle water on the boiling syrup every two minutes. Remove from the heat and cool. Flavour with rosewater, if desired.

COOKERY QUEEN

SHEIL CHOPRA, Chandigarh.

Mrs. Chopra wins Rs. 100/- for this month's best recipe plus a non-stick coated Saucette from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products, an oval Casserole and 4-cup Carafe from Borosil Glass Works Ltd., a 5.5 litres Sainik Pressure Cooker from Evergreen Trades and Agencies and a cook book from Ahmed Mills, Bombay.

SEMOLINA FILLETS

7 cups milk
½ cup semolina
1 tbsp. flour
1 cup breadcrumbs
4 green chillis, chopped
Coriander leaves, chopped
Salt to taste
¼ tsp. pepper
¼ tsp. red chillis
Oil for frying
½ lemon

Mix semolina in three cups pre-boiled luke warm milk. Cook over gentle heat, stirring continuously till thick. Remove. Prepare paneer from the remaining four cups of milk. Break the paneer to resemble breadcrumbs. Add to the warm semolina mixture. Mix well and add salt, pepper, red chillis and thinly sliced green chillis and coriander leaves. Grease a shallow dish. Spread the semolina halwa to quarter inch thickness. Level it, place the dish in the refrigerator to cool. When well set, cut the halwa into one inch or two inch pieces.

Now blend flour in half of water. Dip the halwa pieces in flour batter, roll in breadcrumbs and fry in oil till golden brown. Serve hot.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Doris Frey, Bareilly.

ARVI PATORAS

12 arvi leaves — tender and fresh
200 grams gram flour
Salt, pepper and cummin to taste

Add salt, pepper and cummin to the gram flour. Add water and make a thin batter. With the wrong side of leaf facing, smear a little paste over it. Put another leaf wrong side up and repeat. After four leaves fold into a bundle. Repeat the same with the other leaves.

Take a sieve, to fit the top of your utensil in which you put water to come about half way. Put the bundles on the sieve and the sieve over the utensil with water. Cover the patoras. Put on fire and let the steam from the boiling water cook the patoras till done.

Now cut the patoras into smaller pieces and fry in hot oil. These can also be used in a curry form using the basic meat masala and put into the gravy ten minutes before the curry is ready.

Mrs. Shantha Surendra, Trivandrum.

CABBAGE PATHRAVADAI

1 medium sized cabbage
3 tbsps. udad dal
½ tsp. fenugreek
Curry leaves
Oil for frying
½ coconut
2 tsps. sugar

GRIND TO A PASTE:

4 cups boiled rice (soaked for 8 hours)
½ coconut, grated
4 tbsps. coriander seeds
A pinch cummin
4 to 5 red chillis
A small ball tamarind
½ tsp. turmeric powder
Salt to taste
A small ball jaggery

FOR THE SEASONING:

2 tbsps. udad dal
2 tsps. mustard seeds
2 red chillis
Curry leaves
Oil for frying

To the ground paste, add the lightly fried udad dal, fenugreek seeds and curry leaves. Grind this coarsely and keep aside. Shred the cabbage and mix it well with the above ground masala. Now divide the mixture into small balls and steam for fifteen minutes. Allow to cool. Cut the steamed cabbage into small pieces. Add the grated coconut and sugar to the cabbage. Add salt to taste. Season and mix well.

WEEKLY WINNER

PERIN KHANNA, Dehradun.

Mrs. Khanna wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 9-cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products, a Utility dish and 2-cup Carafe from Borosil Glass Works Limited, an Igloo Hotpack and Bambi Bottle flask from Metoplast and a cook book from Ahmed Mills, Bombay.

JIFFY PRAWN AND CHEESE ROLLS

FOR THE ROLLS:

250 grams prawns
300 grams cottage cheese
3 tsps. refined flour
1 tsp. garlic paste
1 small onion, minced
¼ tsp. coriander powder
¼ tsp. cummin powder
Salt and chilli powder to taste
1 tbsp. oil
A pinch turmeric

FOR THE COATING:

1 cup cornflake crumbs
1 egg
1½ tbsps. flour
¾ tsp. cream of tartar
2 tbsps. milk, or prawn stock
A pinch each baking powder, chilli powder and salt
Oil for deep frying

TO MAKE THE ROLLS:

Clean and cook the prawns in salted water. Drain and mash. Mix in the ground garlic, minced onion, cummin, coriander, chilli powder and salt. Saute the prawn mixture in one tablespoon of oil till dry. Remove and let cool.

Knead the paneer with flour until smooth. Make lime sized balls from this mixture. Flatten and stuff the prawn paste. Shape into rolls. Keep aside.

FOR THE COATING :

Mix the flour, cream of tartar, baking powder, chilli powder and salt. Beat the egg lightly and stir in the milk. Blend in the flour mixture to make a smooth batter. Dip each roll in this batter. Roll in the cornflake crumbs and fry brown. Arrange on a flat serving dish garnished with onion rings and accompanied by a mint chutney.

ANNOUNCEMENT
Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

All cookery contestants for the monthly Cookery Queen Contest have to send in their recipes, non-vegetarian or vegetarian, according to the subjects specified for each month. Out of the seven best selected entries, a Queen and a Weekly Winner will be selected. The remaining five recipes will be published along with the winning recipes. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

September, 1980
PRESSURE-COOKED DISHES

October, 1980
CASSEROLE COOKING

November, 1980
MEALS IN MINUTES

All entries for September should reach us latest by August 5, October entries by September 5 and November entries by October 5, 1980.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

STEP BY STEP COOKERY

HUNGARIAN GOULASH

A stimulating meal in itself to serve the family for elevenses. So easy to make and so delicious too. MUMTAZ RAHIMTOOLA shows you the way in four steps.

2 cups meat, boiled and flaked; 1 cup meat stock; 2 large onions, sliced; 4-6 cloves garlic, minced; salt to taste; 1 cup tomatoes, blanched and ground; ½ cup yoghurt, beaten; 2 tbsps. ghee, ½ cup cheese, grated; 2 tbsps. flour; ½ kg potatoes, mashed with 2 tbsps. butter and ½ cup milk.

Boil and peel the potatoes. Mash them while still hot, along with two tablespoons butter and half cup milk.

1. In a serving dish, arrange a border of mashed potatoes using an icing bag. Leave aside.

2. Heat ghee in a saucepan. Fry the onions and garlic till golden brown. Add flour and cook for a minute. Remove from the fire, add stock and stir till smooth. Return to the fire and cook till thick. Add in tomatoes, cheese, meat and yoghurt. Stir till it boils. Remove.

3. Fill the centre of the potato border with the above prepared goulash.

4. Decorate with tomato, capsicum and egg slices before serving.

Photographs : Taiyeb Badshah

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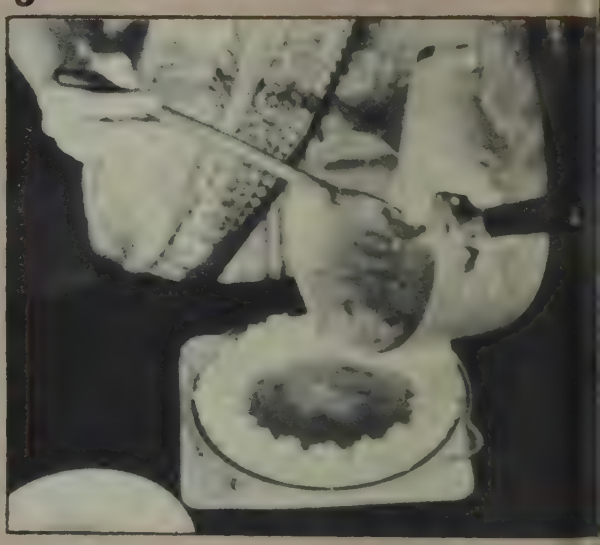

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BEAUTY

THE GROWING YEARS

THE BEAUTY PROBLEMS OF TEENAGERS ARE DIFFERENT FROM THOSE OF GROWN-UPS. HOW TO DEAL WITH THEM WITHOUT USING TOO MANY ARTIFICIAL AIDS

The most awkward years of a girl's life are probably between 13 and 18 years when the young adolescent figure is in the process of development. Mothers often have a trying time explaining to their daughters the do's and don'ts of make-up, clothes, underwear and footwear. The young lady often misinterprets her mother's advice as strictness and tends to rebel. But reality and commonsense dawn too late on her by which time the teenager has harmed her growing beauty.

Let us view a teenager's beauty problems and the steps that can be taken to enhance her natural assets. After all these are the only years of one's life when one can go about without any heavy aids and still look lovely, for when the body and skin begin to age, artificial help will have to be sought.

Start from the top—your hair. If your mother insists on long hair, keep it at a manageable length. Regular oiling will help to maintain the natural sheen. Oil it overnight and shampoo it in the morning. For special occasions a freshly-washed head of hair with a few glitter pins are enough for the dramatic look. Don't go in for the stiff lacquered hairdo's with "plastic" curls. Much as you may be tempted to, it will add unnecessary years to your face.

Your face is most important. To use make-up the way mother does is a temptation all young girls face. But resist it. There is still time for all those cosmetics. Make the most of your natural freshness which no bottle can replace. Keep your skin clean at all times. Train your eyebrows into their natural arch with a little vaseline — shaping can be done after a couple of years. Use a mild face lotion and a dash of powder for those special dates. Dab lipgloss over lips and smear some vaseline over eyelids and lashes to give that dewy-eyed, natural look. If you must use eye-make-up, then stick to the conventional 'kajal' which gives a soft look. Avoid the liquid eyeliner as it gives a hard look.

Skin care is going to play an important part in your life. Unfortunately acne could rear its ugly head any time. There are many solutions but the one that is easiest is — do not touch pimples. Keep the face free of grease and take cooling things like curds, coconut water, lassi, juices etc. Some girls are blessed with a flawless complexion, what they eat or drink has no effect on their skin, but others spend sleepless nights worrying about their skin. That is exactly what you should avoid. Get a good sleep at night, relax and don't get tense or upset over little things. Your skin reacts to internal tension very fast so a relaxed attitude to life will help.

Your figure is gradually developing and it has to be moulded into the right shape with the correct underwear. When your bustline starts developing, wear a bra carefully selected for its shape, size and fit. Don't wear a tight one with underwears because your breasts have not developed fully and therefore require space to grow. Measure yourself correctly and buy the correct size — not too small or too big.

Wear a bra all the time except at bedtime. The muscles of the breasts are forming and therefore should not be allowed to slacken. Once the muscles lose their firmness they can never be repaired. During games and sports see that the bra is comfortable but firm.

Footwear plays an equally important part in your total body development. Wearing high heels is exciting and gives you a grown-up look but do you know how to walk with them? If you don't then you are ruining your gait forever. You have worn footwear with flat soles always and now you want to catch up with others with high heels. Progress to slight heels and then gradually increase the height till you have reached the maximum in which you feel comfortable. Don't wear 3" stilletoes when you are 14 years old because it is quite a funny sight, moreover, your body is just not equipped for the incline!

Personal hygiene should be at the top of your list. As a young adolescent you will now face the problem of unwanted hair on arms, underarms and legs. If you want to remove it either opt for a pumice stone for the arms and legs or try waxing on all these parts. Do not resort to shaving even though it is faster. Because the regrowth will be thicker and quicker. It will however help if you delay the defuzzing as much as possible.

You have to be careful every month and see that during menstruation personal hygiene is given top priority. Comfortable sanitary towels and panties will prevent chaffing of the thighs. Internal tampons are not advisable at this stage.

Hands and feet should be well manicured and pedicured. Use nail polish for special occasions. But go in for either natural or transparent colours to give a hint of glimmer to nails which should be short but well-rounded.

Total physical fitness is a must. Even though you will be playing a lot of games and sports during school hours, simple jogging or sit-ups should be done every day to keep the muscles supple and firm. Pressing palms of hands together in front of the body is good for toning up the bustline.

Clothes consciousness will increase as your body develops and soon you may find yourself trying to follow the latest fashions. Select clothes which enhance your natural freshness and beauty. Keep the slinky numbers for later years.

Take suggestions from your mother, after all she knows from experience what will look good on you. Select soft prints for daywear and relatively brighter ones for the evening. Follow the current fashions of the day but don't make it an obsession. Make sure your clothes are interchangeable and versatile. One outfit should have more than one "look".

Finally make the most of these years as they will probably be very short and there will come a time when you will long for them again. As an adolescent there will be as many pains as there are pleasure, but remember : "You are young but only once!"

Meher Castelino

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BRINGING UP DAUGHTER

George T. Fegradoe

SHE LIKES SEAFOOD DINNERS, STRAWBERRY ICE-CREAM, CLINGING JEANS, JOHN TRAVOLTA'S DANCING, AND EVERY POSSIBLE THING THAT IS FRIGHTENINGLY EXPENSIVE

Now let me assure you that I shower on my nineteen-year-old daughter a wealth of affection. Money I can't afford.

Her name is Joan and she fills me with indomitable pride at times, and with a quailing agitation at others. She is a volatile child with more iron in her will than you'll find in London Bridge.

Her mother and I often gaze at her in astonishment and wonder how on earth we managed to produce a girl who can laugh at life when her family is tottering on the brink of bankruptcy.

She has various "days." Let me explain. There are days when she is full of sweet obedience, days when she is painfully obstinate, days when she is pathetically helpless, days when she is unaccountably happy and days when she is despairingly miserable. And, let me tell you, we never know what to expect. There are also days when she will go into a screaming frenzy if her hair gets mussed, and days when she comes in whistling after wrecking the car. (She sneaks it out.)

Her likes have an overwhelming range. She likes seafood dinners, strawberry ice cream, breath-restricting sweaters, clinging jeans, pavement shopping, driving at sixty miles an hour, Erma Bombeck's books, John Travolta's dancing, playing the piano with one finger, swimming in the almost altogether, and every possible thing that is frighteningly expensive.

Her moods are numerous and we have long given up trying to analyse them. She can be moodily silent for three days or talk excitedly for three hours; she can laugh at boxers on TV drawing blood, and cry at the sight of a limping puppy. She can be as inviting as a chocolate cake, or as inhospitable as a farmer who catches a thief in his cabbage patch. She can be as unmoving as a ton of steel, or as easily influenced as an invitee to Buckingham Palace. All this causes her parents to wear things in this order — worried expressions first and clothes second.

When she wants something badly enough, she'll go after it with persecuting zeal. I'll give you one guess as to who she persecutes.

She can display the scepticism of an atheist, or the unquestioning faith of a martyr being burnt at the stake. She can be as careful as a zoo-keeper handling porcupines, or as careless as a weaving motorist with six under his belt.

Mind you, none of this can be called a delinquency, but it certainly keeps us guessing. It's the only exercise I get, because I loathe tennis and I can't afford to wear out shoes playing golf.

Nobody can pass a pregnant hint (if you'll pardon the expression) like Joan. Once, when she wanted a new pair of jeans that looked old, I found twenty-four newspaper and magazine clippings on my writing table. Not only that, at the side of the most expensive pair, she had written, "I'll love you forever if you buy me these." Two hundred and eighty rupees is a small price to pay for eternal devotion — so she got the jeans.

In the matter of boy friends, she can be as selective as a Caliph choosing a harem girl, or as casual as Shakuntala Devi tossing away a pocket calculator. Boys come in attached to her curved arm in a bewildering procession. Some are dismissed even before we get to know their names, and others stay around so long, I keep wondering how much a honeymoon in Hawaii would cost. She tells me she likes boys to be firm with her but, from what I can see, she has them jumping through hoops like circus dogs. She is also a master (or is it mistress?) of the pungent epigram. She once said that a boy named Harry "is so silly, that when he makes an intelligent remark, it's pure fluke." I'd hate to get on the wrong side of her tongue. But she has not as yet come creeping into the house at midnight weeping inconsolably, so I know that Cupid isn't really concentrating.

She is a prolific party-giver. She throws parties at the drop of a hat although I don't wear one. These are inclined to be noisy affairs, reminiscent of tribal dances on fertility night. She invites a crowd of teens who come by in everything from lettered T-shirts to imported cars. The sounds that then fill the air would frighten off a pack of hungry wolves. The music is dominated by a "thump, thump" that sounds like a pneumatic sledge-hammer pounding against a log-cabin. Snacks, food and beers disappear as if Houdini were the guest of honour. And these parties go on so late, I once cured a guest who was slightly sick by giving him a glass of the morning's milk. I'm still not sure whether Joan's parties are shortening my life, or lengthening it.

Economy and modernisation are, for her, words only to be found in the dictionary...and left there. She has as much time for them as a Scotsman has for a charity rally. At the same time, she manages to squeeze into her nature a bit of prudent wisdom. My bank manager recently told me not to worry every time my balance went down because, when this happened, her balance showed a proportionate increase. I wondered if he were expounding some new form of economic logic.

But this much I can truly say. One day, she'll be combing the confetti out of her hair. When that day comes, I'll be about as happy as a man being blind-folded before he faces the firing squad.

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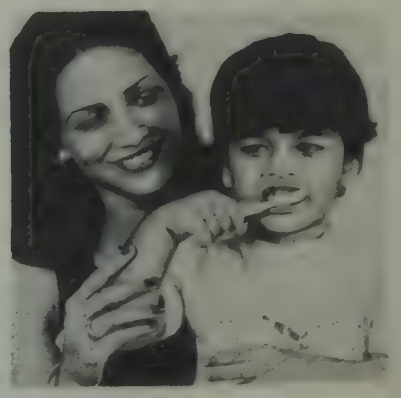

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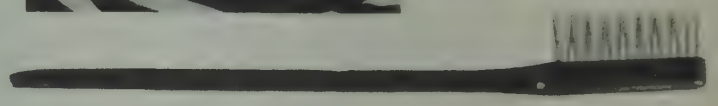

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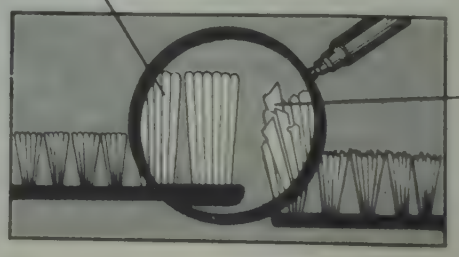

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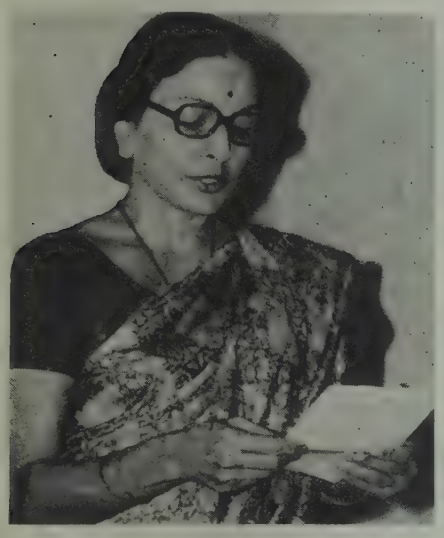
WOMEN IN FOCUS

MIRA HATTIANGDI

HELPING THE HELPLESS



Mira Hattiangdi, vivacious and fifty two, is an avid and enthusiastic social worker who believes in working silently for the needy and the poor. Genuine, committed social workers are rarely given the recognition they deserve since they generally work behind the scenes, and Mira is no exception.

Mira was introduced to social work way back in 1956 when the Saraswat Mahila Samaj, a charitable institution, approached her to work as a volunteer for collecting funds at an exhibition-cum-sale of embroidered articles and other handicrafts. Soon, her sincere and silent contributions prompted the members to appoint her the Honorary Secretary of the Managing Committee of the Saraswat Mahila Samaj, and in 1977, its President.

The Samaj primarily caters to the needs of destitute women and children and also extends financial help to women who are aged or have no other means of supporting themselves. In addition, the industrial section of the institution helps women to sell homemade commodities such as pickles and snacks. thereby helping them to earn a living.

Some time in 1966, Mira felt the urge to see the kind of life the handicapped lived and to help them to the best of her ability. A friend connected with the Maharashtra State Women's Council (MSWC), Bombay requested her to start tailoring and embroidery classes for a Special Class for mentally retarded children.

"Here I could satiate my urge to help the handicapped. In fact, I received so much love from them in return that I decided to dedicate myself at least partly to the care of the handicapped," she explained.

In 1968, a concert put up by the deaf and dumb children introduced her to another of her numerous social activities. One of the teachers of the Stephen High School for the deaf and dumb casually mentioned to her the school's need for a needlework teacher, "I decided that the time had come to offer my services in yet another sphere," says Mira, "and I have been with them ever since."

About the same time Mira joined another charitable institution — the Seva Sadan Society, Bombay — and was asked to become a member of the Managing Committee. Each member did the allotted work which included collecting funds for various purposes and teaching handicrafts to the inmates of the Home for the Homeless. She left the Seva Sadan Society a few years ago, after many years of dedicated service.

While she was with the Seva Sadan Society, a committee member of the Women's Home Industry Depot (WHID) asked her to work for them as well. WHID is a sub-committee of the MSWC. Mira was soon nominated the Secretary of this institution, a position which she held for several years. She is still a member taking active interest in their shop at the Taj Intercontinental, Bombay.

Last year, Mira was asked by the members of Bapnu Ghar, another sub-committee of MSWC, to spare at least a few hours a week for them. The inmates of Bapnu Ghar are mostly wives rejected by their husbands or their in-laws and are sheltered until such time as they make up their differences and return to their respective homes. Such women are taught basic household chores such as cooking, cutting, sewing etc.

In spite of this flurry of activity, Mira Hattiangdi finds time to conduct classes at home which include flower arrangements, needle craft, painting and tailoring. One day of her hectic week is reserved for small children ranging from 6 to 12 years to whom she teaches creative art, mainly from waste materials. It is noteworthy how she has allotted each day of her week for each activity which keeps her busy all day. Clearly, she does not believe in wasting any time at all. With both her children well settled, she finds hardly any reason not to utilise her precious time doing wonderful service to humanity.

Jyoti Lajmi

LEELA SHAH

MEETING THE NEEDS OF WOMEN

With the publication of her fourth book, "Purnatrupti", which follows "Trupti", "Paritrupti" and Samtrupti", Leela Shah, President of Prerna, a noted women's organisation, completes a quartet which can well be described without much exaggeration as the Gita of the kitchen, for it contains answers to nearly every-

thing likely to confuse the housewife, from what to do with leftovers to the preparation of various condiments. Commenting on her books, Leelaben says, "My idea in publishing them was to bring about an awareness of other aspects of food such as nutrition, the wholesomeness and the aesthetics of food." Incidentally, all the rights of the books and their subsequent editions have been assigned to Prerna for its charitable programmes, a generous gesture typical of Leelaben.

When the classes were started for vegetarian cooking at Prerna nearly 20 years ago, they were almost the first of their kind "Cooking in most homes till then was mostly routine and looked upon as sheer drudgery," Leelaben said. But, through our classes, we tried to change this and show women that cooking can be fun, that it can be a creative challenge."

The classes were in a manner, unplanned births. "It all began with a few of us friends getting together for a friendly exchange of recipes," Leelaben said. "In the beginning, it was just an 'I teach you,' — 'You teach me' kind of gathering. But, as more and more insisted upon joining we began thinking in terms of having some sort of regular classes."

The cooking classes, as the membership developed, were soon followed by others in floral arrangement, handicrafts and now even bridge, for "we intend to remain flexible," says Leelaben "to meet the new, increasing needs of women."

Leelaben is also extremely fond of gardening, and her green fingers have been constantly winning her awards and prizes.

What Prerna earns is entirely earmarked for charitable activities such as help to the physically and mentally handicapped, financial assistance to indigent women and children in need of hospital care, and scholarships to deserving students. Women too poor to afford fees are admitted to the classes free and, if necessary, even supplied with the necessary material.

Recalling her past, Leelaben said, "I lost my mother when I was just eight, but my father, Sir Manilal Nanavati, gave me ample scope to develop my interests. I was, in fact, almost the first Jain girl to graduate."

For 25 years, before she shifted to Bombay, Leelaben served the suburban community of Vile Parle as the President of the Bhagini Seva Mandir Kumarika Stree Mandal. "There is an amusing incident connected with my association with it," Leelaben said. "When I completed 25 years the Mandal wanted to honour me with a 'manpatra'. At that time, I was carrying my first child and, though my time was almost up, I attended the function, came home, went straight to the hospital and delivered my son. No one could believe that I could give a lecture at five and have a baby at nine!"

Jyotsna Sheth

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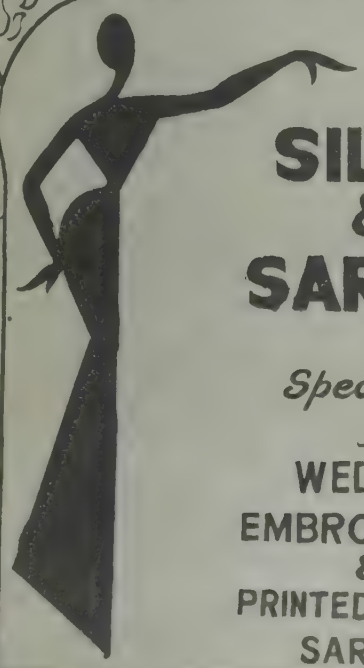

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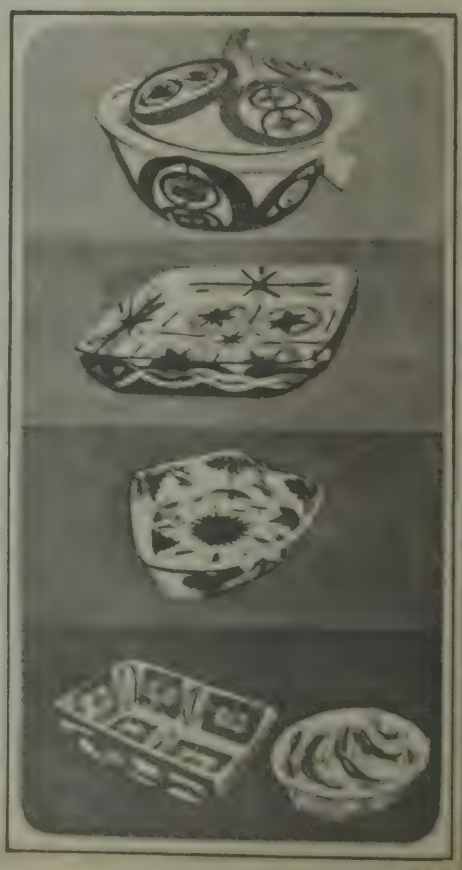

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THE GREEDY UNCLE

Indira Pastala

MANY years ago, in the village of Tandur, there lived a very rich man called Yusuf. He had a big house, lots of gold and silver, many sheep and goats, lots of cattle and lots of food stuff stored. In fact, he had lots and lots of everything, but he always wanted more. Yusuf was a greedy, selfish man.

He had a poor widowed sister. She and her four children lived in a broken-down house. They were always hungry and dressed in torn clothes. Yusuf did not help them. He did not even look at them.

DRESSED LIKE A SADHU, HE SAT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BAZAAR AND WAITED. PEOPLE THOUGHT HE WAS MAD, SITTING WITH HIS HEAP OF ASH AND ASKING FOR DIAMONDS

One day, Yusuf decided it was time to invite all the rich and important people for a party. The cooks prepared delicious biryani, crisp purees, sweets dripping with ghee and sugar, and many other dishes. All the guests had a very good meal. Lots to eat and drink. The poor sister sent her son, Karim, to ask for some food.

Did Yusuf give any? Oh, no. Instead, he gave the boy six goat skins and sent him away.

Karim was a clever boy. He was determined to make some good use of the skins. He washed, cleaned and dried them. Then he tied them in a bundle and left his village and went to the city of pearls, Motinagar.

He arrived at Motinagar on Friday, the day before the weekly pearl bazaar. Karim joined the crowd with his bag of skins. Among the sellers was a greedy cheat. He saw Karim holding a large bag. He thought that Karim had more pearls than he.

"Ahaa, this chicken has more pearls than I have. I will take his bag and leave mine in exchange. Then I will have lots of pearls to sell, but I must wait until dark."

So he followed Karim to the city rest house. Soon the travellers were sleeping. The thief exchanged the bags.

When Karim woke up on Saturday, he saw beside him a different bag, so much smaller. He opened it. Pearls! Such beautiful, gleaming pearls! A gift from the gods. What magic! He quickly left Motinagar and returned to his village.

On reaching Tandur, he went to his uncle.

"Uncle, dear Uncle, thank you very much for the goat skins. See what I got for them." He showed Yusuf the large shining pearls.

"Pa..pa...pearls! Pearls! How did you get pearls? I only gave you six goat skins!"

The uncle was amazed, and licked his greedy lips.

"Yes, Uncle," said Karim. "You did give me only skins, but I took them to Motinagar for the Saturday pearl bazaar. I sat in the middle of the market among the great merchants. I cut pieces of the skins and sold them as charms (taviz). Everybody wanted one to tie around his neck. They paid me in small pearls. At the end of the day all the skins were sold and I exchanged the small pearls for large ones. Here I have 200 big pearls. Had I but more skins, I would have got many more pearls. Many thanks Uncle for your kindness."

"You got pearls for the goat skins?"

"Yes, indeed, Uncle, thank you so much."

The greedy uncle could hardly wait. He killed all his goats, gave the villagers a feast, and left with a cartload of skins for Motinagar. There he went and sat in the middle of the market place with a big pile of raw skins. He began calling out, "Charms, lucky charms. Just a pearl for a charm. Come on, buy one and prosper. Goat skin charms."

He called and called, but no one came. The day grew hotter and hotter. More and more flies buzzed around Yusuf and the skins. The skins began to smell. They began to stink. The merchants around him could not stand it, they were very angry.

"Who is this mad man sitting here and selling the skins of dead goats in our pearl market? Let's throw him and his smelly goods out," they shouted. So all the merchants caught hold of Yusuf and, giving him a severe beating, they wrapped him in his smelly skins and threw him into his cart.

When Yusuf got home, he was black and blue with all the beatings. Every bone in the body ached and he had lost all his goats. He was very angry. He called his men and told them to burn the house of his poor sister, but nobody was hurt. Karim knew that his uncle's men had done it. The family moved to another house. The pearls helped them to buy a very fine one and so many new things also.

Karim took bags of ashes of the burnt house in a large bag and left the village for Hiragaon. On the way he joined a band of diamond merchants who were going to Hiragaon to sell their ware.

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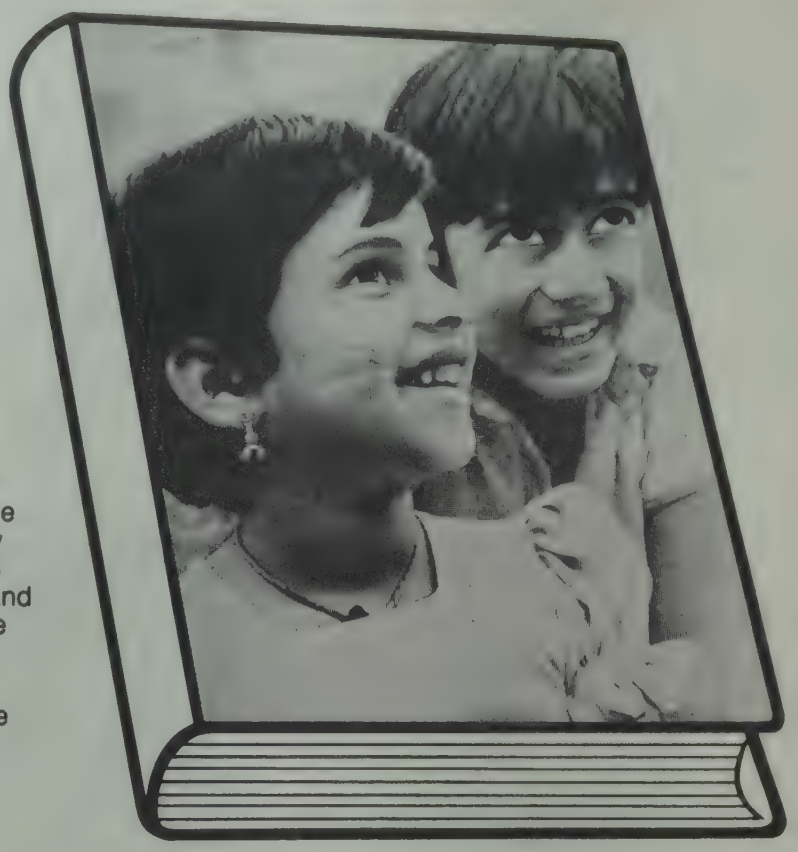

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THE GREEDY UNCLE

During the night, when all were asleep, Karim was awakened by a slight sound. He opened his eyes and saw one of the merchants steal the diamonds of another. The robber came and put the bag in Karim's bag. He thought that then he would not be found with the stolen diamonds. Later he could take them from Karim's bag. Karim waited until the man went back to his bed and began snoring. Quickly picking up his bag he left for his village.

When he arrived at Tandur, he sent his sister to borrow a weighing scale from his uncle. With some paste he stuck a small diamond on one of the pans of the scales and returned it. Sure enough, as soon as Yusuf saw the diamond on the scale, he came rushing. He had forgotten all the beatings he had received at Motinagar.

"Karim beta, where have you been? How is it that I did not see you all these days?" he asked oozing affection. Karim knew what his uncle really wanted.

"Blessings on the man who burnt our old house, Uncle, His kindness gave me a pile of diamonds."

"His kindness!. . . Diamonds! What are you talking about?"

"Well, I collected the ash of the burnt house and carried it in a bag to Hiragaon, the city of diamonds. Being a Wednesday, the market was busy. Merchants bought and sold diamonds. I dressed as a sadhu, sat in the market place and sold the ash as sacred 'vibhuti.' I was paid in diamonds for each pinch of the ash. See, I have about 600 diamonds here. Should be worth a lot of money, don't you think, Uncle?"

"Certainly, but you got diamonds for the ash?" asked Yusuf. "Yes, dear Uncle. I did get diamonds as you can see," Karim replied brightly.

Yusuf's greed made him forget how Karim had fooled him earlier. He went and burnt his large house, collected eight big sacks of ash, and set off for Hiragaon. There he sat in the middle of the Wednesday diamond bazaar with a great big pile of ash before him.

Dressed like a sadhu, he sat calling out, "Vibhuti, holy sacred ash. Blessed by the Gods. Just one diamond for God's blessings." He waited and waited. People thought he was mad, sitting with his heap of ash and asking for diamonds. Soon a breeze stirred and a strong wind blew right through the market place. It blew the ash all over the bazaar. There was ash every where — ash in the merchant's eyes, on their clothes, in their hair. People coughed and sneezed ash.

"See what this stupid fellow has done! He has not only spoilt our dress, but also covered all the diamonds with ash. Let us kick him out." They caught hold of Yusuf, rolled him in his own ash, beat him up and kicked him to hasten his departure.

Yusuf returned to Tandur. He had not only lost his goats, but also his house now. He vowed to punish Karim for his tricks.

He got his men to catch hold of Karim put him in a sack and bring him to the river.

"You rascal, you cheated me again, ruined me. Now I am going to throw you in the river. Diamonds, pearls, let us see what you get there in the water. Ha!" Just as he was about to fling the sack into the river, he saw his wife running towards him. So he left the sack and went to find out what she wanted.

Meanwhile Karim began shouting from inside the sack.

"I will not marry her! I do not want to marry a princess! I do not want to marry such a beautiful girl! No, no!"

An ugly cowherd was passing with a large herd of cattle. He heard the shouts and cries from inside a tied sack.

"Hey, you in the sack, whom won't you marry?" he asked in wonder.

"Oh, please help me," pleaded Karim. "My Uncle wants me to marry the beautiful princess. The King has ordered the marriage. But I do not want to marry a rich, beautiful girl, but she wants to marry only a poor man. Am I the only poor man in this world? Please save me."

The stupid cowherd felt this was the chance of a lifetime. "I too am poor," he said, "and ugly too. No one wants to marry me because I am so ugly. And you do not want to marry a beautiful princess! How I wish I had the chance."

"Let me out, and get into the sack. Then you can marry her. Be quick about it," Karim urged.

In a moment the cowherd untied the knots and opened the sack. Karim jumped out, the cowherd jumped in. Karim tied up the sack and left the silly cowherd in it. He drove the cattle and left for his home.

He had been just in time. The uncle returned, lifted the heavy bag and threw it into the river.

Thinking this is to be the end of Karim and his troubles, he returned home singing merrily. But whom did he overtake on the way? Karim! Karim with a num- of cows, too. . .

"What! Did I not throw you in the river just now?" asked the surprised man.

"Yes, Uncle, you did. You threw the sack in, but I got out. As I was swimming below the bridge, a number of cows were coming towards me. It was most tiring. I had to catch them by their legs and throw them on to the river bank. I am so sorry I could not get a hundred. It was too difficult to catch them single handed. Throw me once more into the water, dear Uncle. I want another hundred."

"But where did you get these cows?" asked Yusuf blinded by his greed.

"Just where you threw me, Uncle, under the bridge. Hundreds kept swimming past. They must be the cows of the river. Fairy cows. See how fat and healthy they look."

The uncle did not wait to reply. He tied a stone round his neck and jumped into the river. He was never seen again.

Karim and his family were rich with the pearls, diamonds and the cows that they had. They helped their aunt and all the villagers who were poor and needy. The whole village respected Karim as a fine and generous young man and he became the headman of the village. Later he married a kind and beautiful girl and everyone in the village of Tandur lived happily ever after.

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BOOK NOOK

What is being written by or about women?
On this page every month we bring you a review of some of the books published recently.

THE REBELLIOUS HOME MAKERS by Indira Mahindra; S.N.D.T. Women's University; Price Hard Cover Rs. 60; Paper back Rs. 47.50

The women's movement in India, spurred as it is by activists and social reformers, has tended to concentrate on social and economic issues relevant to the living conditions of women today. There have been few attempts to delve into the woman's psyche as it has evolved in the Indian setting and therefore Indira Mahindra's "The Rebellious Home Makers" fills a long-empty vacuum. Ms Mahindra traces the development of woman's psyche vis a vis man-woman relations along an anthropological-sociological dimension. She goes on to assert that the institution of marriage as it appears today is not "natural" as too many of us have been brought up to believe. Marriage has evolved with man and society and if it is threatened today, it is only if it fails to meet with the changing demands of the present age.

Starting from primitive times, Ms Mahindra contends that the discovery of fire which led to a division of labour between the male and female of the human species was the first turning point in ascribing a lower status to woman in the evolutionary process. Till then, man, like other animals, used half his daylight hours hunting and the other half chewing and eating his food. The taming of fire introduced him to a new kind of activity — to keep it alive as well as to control it from spreading too far. Since already her movements were restricted by having to care for the young, woman took on this role and confined herself to the cave while man continued to be predator and hunter. Consequently she suffered from lack of exercise and exposure and became weakened. Now dependent on the male for food as well as protection, she was pushed to a point when she learnt to obey his commands.

In the neolithic age, cooking lessened the time spent on food and man emerged as an innovator who shaped tools and implements, in an effort to control his environment. As his mind expanded, he observed the changing seasons and vegetation. He became fascinated with the woman's monthly passing of blood and with her capacity to produce children. Not yet grasping his role in the procreation process he elevated woman to the status of goddess and remained in awe of her magical-mystical powers. This was a golden age for woman.

Once man's role in the procreation became understood it became necessary to limit woman's sexual activity to one man at a time in order that he be able to establish claim over his children. Since about 90,000 years of soft living had left woman considerably weaker than man, she was ready to exchange fidelity for protection, food and a shared responsibility over children. This was the beginning of the man-woman bond called marriage and it clearly defined roles. She was to be procreator and nurturer, he was protector and provider and he also expanded the spheres of his activity and interests.

The author goes on to focus on India and on the Hindu social structure. As society settled into an agrarian lifestyle in the early Vedic period there was more time for leisure and intellectual development. There were no social pressures on woman to marry, and many who chose to pursue higher academics were instructed in religious, philosophical and literary subjects as well as in military science, astronomy and administration. A woman who chose not to marry was not expected to remain a virgin. There was free intermingling between the sexes and the children born out of wedlock were cared for by the larger unit of the family. This, says Ms Mahindra, parallels social behaviour patterns of other animals that live in herds.

It is not very clear how and why women's status which was at par with man's during the Vedic period plunged to depths soon after. Ms Mahindra holds women themselves responsible for unprotestingly acquiesing to evolve along lines that were not favourable to them. Why did the enlightened woman of that age allow education to be discontinued for women? Why did she succumb to having rigorous restraint placed on her sexual activity without demanding reciprocity from the male?

Dependence has resulted in woman's "parasitic existence on the approval of males, her delimitation, the infantilization of her mind by denying her the right to make decisions. . . (all of which have). . . combined in developing two cancerous traits in her personality, viz, a lack of self-confidence and of despising herself and her kind. . ." Further, her "self-contempt often developed into a masochistic tendency, a desire to be oppressed merely for the sake of oppression, a tendency derived from a desire for martyrdom." Ms Mahindra exhorts women to start with an internal rather than external revolt, for an oppressor never lets the oppressed go unless he concludes that the oppression is of no further use to him or until the oppressed party wages a successful battle for emancipation. Women have to tackle their own inner selves even as they tackle their life conditions.

Today, a new stage has been reached in the evolutionary process with the discovery of the pill which has, for the first time, given woman control over her biology. Ms Mahindra says it is time for the "feminine mystique" to express itself in creative work and achievement, for women to shed their stultifying dependent posture, for women to strive to be heroines, not martyrs. We are at a point of an identity crisis and need to direct evolution to work in our favour.

Yet, she asserts, to devalue the man-woman relationship and the institution of marriage as some radical feminists urge, would be to defeat the very principles of cooperation and caring that enabled man to rise above other animals. The answer lies not in abolishing marriage but in restructuring its framework; in moving away from the domination-submission pattern towards a pattern of equal responsibilities and equal freedoms, one that allows for the full development and expression of both persons' individuality.

Ms Mahindra's book is not only well-written and well-researched, it also approaches a dimension of women's studies few Indian researchers have been able to tackle successfully. Published by the S.N.D.T. Women's University, it is a welcome addition to the growing volume of literature by and about women.

BROKEN MIRROR by Zahida Zaidi; Prayer Books; Price Rs. 20.

It is sharpness of imagery and a natural feeling for rhythm that characterise Zahida Zaidi's poetry. Most of her themes are based on personal experiences gaining shape from fantasies, musings and reflections, and reveal a sharp, controlled sensibility. In "Adhora Nagar" and "Corpse Dealer" the poet bitingly comes to terms with materialist values. "Broken Mirror" and "Closed Room" portray her struggle to quash painful emotions. In "The Grey Tone Venture" she searches for order and meaning in existence through relationships between colours only to find herself confronted with the ever-present grey.

There is a flavour of subdued piognancy in the poetry, almost as if authentic feelings have got to be suppressed and can only be expressed in symbols. Time and again the poet expresses to communicate but as she repeats metaphors and images (sometimes not even in a different garb) she fails to awaken her readers into a new experience. Perhaps this is because her poetry lacks the power of direct impact.

Ms. Zaidi has published two collections of poems in Urdu and "Broken Mirror" is her second venture in English. She also writes plays and has translated Western poets like Pablo Neruda and Euginto Montale into Urdu.

Meher Pestonji

DRIVE AWAY THE MONSOON BLUES

Continued from page 19

If your little girls are interested in cooking, get them together some rainy evening, and make sumptuous open sandwiches. Give them a variety of sandwich fillings and toppings (cheese, butter, meat, ham, salami, cold chicken, cucumber, tomato rings, mint chutney, mustard and mayonnaise), and let them turn out their own combination on plain slices of bread. You could have a super-sandwich contest in which all the kids from the building can compete. Teach them also to make ribbon sandwiches by putting together layers of meat paste, cheese and chutney on double or triple decker sandwiches. Cut each slice of bread into three narrow strips to make ribbons. While your children are in the kitchen, let them make vegetable and fruit salads too. Here too, you could organise a salad contest and give a prize to the best dressed salad or the most imaginative one.

Your daughter could also be taught embroidery and cross-stitch. Start with small articles like handkerchiefs and tray-cloths, then let her start embroidering a blouse for herself or a set of table napkins. This should keep your daughter happily engaged for several hours on end, and as a bonus, she will be proud of the dainty pieces she has worked herself.

You could make a sand-pit for them in your own home if space permits. Children love to potter around with a miniature spade and pail, making pies, sand-castles, and digging wells. Give them a corner of the balcony for conversion into a sand-pit Either cover the flooring itself with sand, or if you think that is too messy, then fill several flat pans or trays with sand and group them together. Your kids will have a whale of a time each evening.

With the co-operation of the older children, it is possible to organise a whole host of group activities for the children of the building. Let them all assemble in the largest flat or in the garage and start playing party games — passing the parcel, tailing the donkey, even treasure hunt or musical arms.

Have an evening of variety entertainment Let the children sing, dance, do P.T. exercises to music or put up skits together. Assemble in the garage or in a large room and improvise a stage and wings, by drawing a curtain across the room. Charge a small entry fee to cover the cost of sweets, biscuits or ice-cream, that could be served during the interval.

A costume party can be great fun too. Children should come in fancy dress (a fairy, pirate, sailor, etc.) and act or recite a few lines. Give out prizes to the most entertaining child, the best dressed child, etc.

Have various contests involving all the children. You could have a Mad-Hatter's Evening or a Merry Masks Ball. The children will make original hats or masks and model them.

Using your imagination you could keep your youngsters happily occupied right through the rains. So don your thinking cap now!

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

THE DIVORCE IS OVERSHADOWED

"Anju Mahendru takes a catch with swiftness, but can't hold on to it; first Garry Sobers and now Rajesh Khanna," was the front page story in an evening newspaper. We were seated in the shaminana at the Taj, and Dimple read out the item loudly to Rajesh. Both were thrilled with the maiden headline of their marriage news (it was a week before their wedding). Seven years later, Dimple found it difficult to hold on to the catch she had hooked in the Juhu sea, rather she was bored with a dead fish in hand.

"Seven is an unlucky number for me," Rajesh had declared three days before "Red Rose" release. "But a week later Rahu will get out of my house," he mused.

"Rahu Rawail, your house guest?" I had asked. "Don't be daft. Rahu, the nuisance planet," someone explained.

Anyway what got out in a week was Dimple.

And that brings us to the baffling science of Numerology and Astrology.

Much before the marriage, Chunibhai had once told me that an astrologer had told him that Dimple is unlucky for him, but she would get married and things would improve.

"How can she marry? She has just become a star and is only fifteen," I told him.

But a few months later, Dimple hooked Rajesh (that is the right way Anju described the event when she said, "I wanted to marry Rajesh and not hook him.") and Chunibhai was secretly relieved.

"She will prove unlucky, the marriage won't last, she will leave him," astrologer Chandrakant of Belgaum told us in Shyam Behl's house. Rajesh toppled film by film, but Chunibhai's condition did not improve after Dimple got out of the house, but kept coming back with the extra problem of Rajesh Khanna.

Numerologically, Seven is bad only if the two women are considered good for him. Anju was pushed out a little before the close of seven years and Dimple walked out after the seven-year itch. The pattern is also identical. Rajesh suffered from a hangover, so he forgot to pick up his glasses from Anju's house where he had had lunch, forgot to go back for dinner, and even forgot to inform her about his change of mind when he drove off to Khandala with Dimple and the rest. Dimple in turn forgot to inform him over the trunk line to Madras that she had to sign the divorce papers, etc.

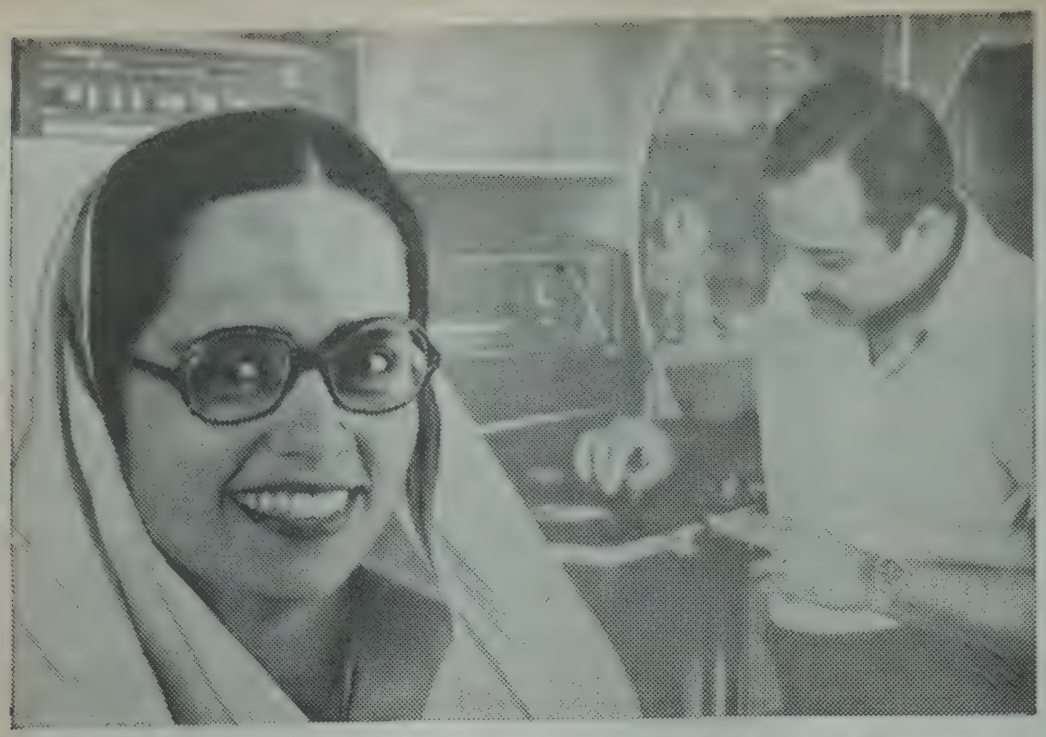
Understandable; in the hurry of "Darling, darling," and serious plans for saree exhibition, shopping for new shoes at Joy at the Taj, she forgot trifling things like divorce and marriage.

The trifle divorce got dimmed and the story unsaleable when a few hours before, Sanjay Gandhi's story crashed and the nation was busy weeping for the beautiful young widow Maneka and mother Indira Gandhi.

Dimple's comeback at the moment looks as remote as a Rajesh comeback.

The stories of Dharam and Chintu offers are made up, like the previous stories of Dharam and Manoj making a pass at her.

So I feel she will go back and they will live unhappily ever after.



"We now have two good things of life—but don't quite know what to do with the second one".

-says Mrs. Pasha,* Librarian,
Account holder, Hyderabad Branch.

A true story on how you too can build up your fortune like Mrs. Pasha on Indian Bank's Reinvestment Plan.

"When we got married, both of us being music-lovers, we felt we must have one stereo set. So the wedding gift money, we put in a special scheme for 5 years. And a year after that, we put in a substantial sum he earned on commission on the same scheme, on a ten-year term. The first scheme matured and we bought our stereo. Last year the second one matured and we bought a second-hand car. So we now have two good things of life—but don't quite know what to do with the second one—with the price of petrol being what it is today!"

Benefit by Mrs Pasha's experience
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*The identities of the persons have been deliberately concealed for the sake of secrecy.

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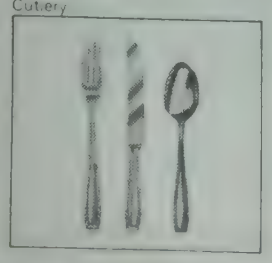

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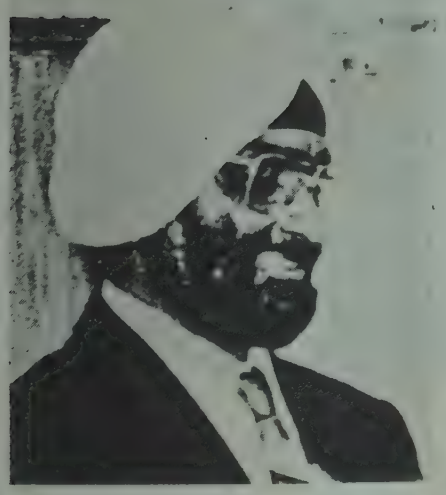
PEOPLE KNOWN AND UNKNOWN

Lord Ganesh installed at the historic fort of Ranthambore in Rajasthan is inundated with at least a hundred letters a day, inviting him to join a wedding or bless an inaugural function. He receives all the letters and it is suspected that he accepts and attends all the functions, in spirit if not in body, because he is widely acclaimed for his generosity and benign nature. But another world famous monarch did not have the same luck. A letter carrying two stamps bearing the portrait of Spanish King, **Juan Carlos** and addressed to him, was returned by the Madrid post office with the remark, "address-see unknown." The postal authorities have hastened to add that it was all a mistake.

* * *

Ace cricketer **Bishen Singh Bedi** filed a suit for marriage annulment for rather strange reasons. In his petition he contended that he was married to Australian Glen Jill in Amritsar in 1969 according to Sikh rites. But his wife refused to convert to Sikhism and insisted on bringing up



their children as Christians, which hurt Bedi's religious sentiments. It is widely rumoured in cricketing circles that while wife Glen has left the country and returned to Australia with the two children, Bedi is often seen in the company of a handsome sardarni. But the story took a curious turn. The judge dismissed the divorce petition on the technical ground that Bedi failed to appear on the due date in court.

* * *

Who says people don't go mushy over love any more? The latest gimmick, for which ardent tennis fans paid 57.50 dollars a

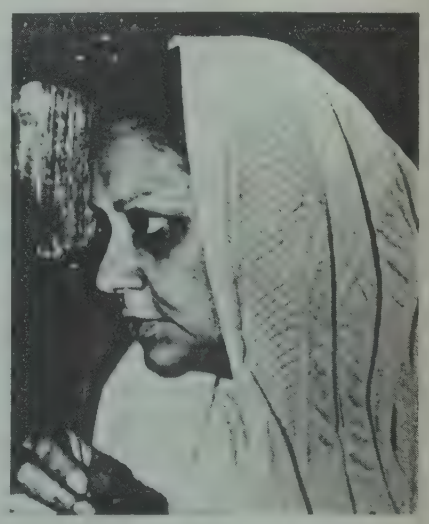
seat, was to watch the "love doubles," matching **John Lloyd** and his more famous wife **Chris Evert Lloyd** against **Bjorn Borg** and his Romanian fiancee, **Mariana Simionescu,** at London's Battersea Park recently. Between hugs, pats, kisses and giggles, the foursome played reasonably good tennis, with Chris and John winning. But there was more than fun behind it. While the winners put away $93,000 in their kitty, the losers also pocketed a substantial $60,500. But as someone pointed out rather cynically, it was a wonder why the whole thing was called a "charity match," because charity came a poor third with only $35,000. When loser Borg was asked whether he and his fiancee had practised hard for the match, he replied: "For mixed doubles you practice away from the court."

* * *

The new Pope, by all accounts, is a hearty eater, if one is to go by the breakfasts specially prepared for him during his American trip, where he demolished eggs, ham, sausages and bread with coffee every morning. But for him, the birthday cake was too much. And what a cake it was! 132 pounds of sponge soaked in Grand Marnier, cream filling, icing in papal yellow and white, marzipan coats of arms, and topped by a milk chocolate replica of Rome's Church of Christ the King, because both the church and **John Paul II** were celebrating their 60th birthday. The Pope celebrated Mass, sipped boiling hot tea and listened to an Italian choir boom a birthday song in Polish — "100 years, 100 years, stay with us." Ah, yes, he also blew out the single candle and ordered the cake to be distributed among orphans.

* * *

While one mother-and-son team had ridden home to total victory, another such team has fallen apart. **Vijaya Raje Scindia,** the Rajmata of Gwalior, campaigned for the Bharatiya Janata Party, while her son **Madhavrao Scindia** who has become a staunch supporter of Mrs. Gandhi, actively canvassed for her party in Madhya Pradesh. While political wags say that this was a shrewd political ploy by the royal family to have their cake and eat it too, by taking no chances whichever side won, others say that relations between mother and son have soured to an extent that they do not talk to each other. "How could he do this to me, his own mother?" said an agonised Vijaya Raje, bitterly remembering the fact that Mrs. Gandhi had jailed her during the Emergency. "Why does she insult me in public? I have never spoken against her," replied Madhavrao. The Congress (I) won eventually. The Rajmata commented that the extensive use of a helicopter by her son made a great difference. "You cannot compete with a helicopter with a car," she said.



UNKNOWN

When Maharashtra's first Muslim Chief Minister, Mr. Abdul Rehman Antulay, took his oath of office the other day, the happiest person in the room was perhaps his elder brother, Sanaullah Antulay, who works as a crane driver on one of the dredgers of the Bombay Port Trust. The Antulays hail from the impoverished Konkan region, but Sanaullah worked day and night to see his younger brother through school and college, so that he would rise high in life and be a "pride to the family." The younger Antulay not only did his law examinations in England but as Mrs. Gandhi's trusted lieutenant, has won the most important position in the State — thanks to his more humble brother.

Lakshmi Narayan

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

The Time and Talents Club Concerts Committee will present Joann Grillo, the renowned Opera Star in one recital only of Operatic Arias with Zenobia Vakil-Patel (Pianoforte) on Friday July 25 at Patkar Hall. Joann Grillo has taken leading roles in numerous operas including "Carmen", "Aida", "Don Carlos", "Norma", and others, and has sung in almost all the famous opera houses of Europe and America.

Tickets at Rs. 15, 10 and 5 will be available from July 22 at the Time and Talents Club Office, Opp. Chhatrapati Shivaji Statue, Apollo Pier, Bombay - 400 039.

* * *

The Ladies Wing of the Bombay Harbour Jaycees arranged an Inter-Chapter Cooking Contest on July 5. All the members and Jayceerettes participated in the contest, in which there were two categories. The contest was judged by a panel of judges. The Mayor of Bombay, Mr. Baburao Shete, and Mrs. Shete graced the occasion.

* * *

Indian Theatre Centre's Hindi play, "Saptapadi" directed by K. R. Parmeshwar, is based on an original Marathi play by Chandrakant Prabhakar Deshpande. The Hindi dialogues are by M. L. Bhaskar. There will be a performance on July 26 and 28, 1980, at Prithvi Theatre, Juhu.

* * *

The Citizen's Action Group will award 18 Ward and 4 Zonal Trophies to the clean schools judged by the panel. The announcement was made by Mr. Bhanu Kamdar, the Chief Organiser of the "Keep Bombay Clean" project. The trophies are sponsored by the Group, various Lions Clubs and Giants International. The panel consists of School Principals, Doctors, CAG and Lions members who will pay surprise visits to 750 Secondary Schools during 1980-81 to evaluate cleanliness in the schools.

CALCUTTA

Praphulla Kar and Chitra Jena from Orissa, captivated the audience at Rabindra Sadan, at a programme of song and music. The Utkal Shiksha Samsad presented these singers for the first time in Calcutta. The function was inaugurated by the Chief Minister of Orissa, Mr. J. B. Patnaik. Ananda Shankar's "Audio-Visual Experience" was also presented.

* * *

The Photographic Association of Dumdum felicitated Ratna Sarkar, one of their members who has been honoured by the "Accu" prize of Japan for the portrait submitted by her in the UNESCO Exhibition. This was the fifth photographic exhibition organised by the Asian Cultural Centre for UNESCO.

* * *

A reception was organised by the Globe Detective Agency at the Calcutta Club, recently. Among the distinguished guests who were present were the Chief Justice of Calcutta High Court, and several judges, the Chief Secretary of West Bengal Government, the Inspector General of Police, and several top-ranking police officers and industrialists.

1

2

3

1. Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali (centre) is seen with the members of the Altrusa Club of Bombay.

2. Mrs. Vasanthi Padukone, (at left) mother of the late Guru Dutt was felicitated on the occasion of the Chembur Karnataka Sangha Silver Jubilee celebrations in Bombay. Also seen are Dr. (Mrs.) Lalitha Rao and Mr. K. K. Hebbar.

3. Lion President Babu Shetty and Lioness President Dr. Indira Ghatiker are seen at the installation ceremony of the Lions Club of Cuffe Parade held at Hotel President, Bombay.

4. Shalini Mathur was crowned "Nycil Queen" at a function held at Mohammed Bagh Club, Lucknow. Mr. F. S. Jagasia hands her the Special Club prize.

4

LUCKNOW

Mrs. Swarup Kumari Bakshi, Minister of State for Education stressed the need for opening more primary schools in the rural areas of Uttar Pradesh. Mrs. Bakshi was inaugurating a primary school in Mohanlalgunj on the outskirts of the city.

Mrs. Bakshi also emphasised the need for encouraging more girls to join the schools, especially in the rural areas.

* * *

Nirmala Singh, a fourth year student of the College of Arts and Crafts held her first solo exhibition at Hotel Clarks Avadh recently. Over 14 exhibits including imaginative wall-hangings in batik were displayed. Mr. A. S. Pawar, Head of the Department or Sculpture, inaugurated the exhibition, and Mr. Yogendra Narain, District Magistrate was the Chief Guest.

* * *

Tarani, a local organisation staged its fifth annual exhibition at Hotel Clarks Avadh recently. The exhibition highlighted the steady success of this organisation in encouraging women to use their spare time in creative pursuits. Exhibits included batik and macrame wall-hangings, dolls and pottery. Mrs. K. Sinha was the chief guest.

ROURKELA

The students of Mount Carmel Convent School, Rourkela, participated in an on-the-spot embroidery contest sponsored by Pushpa Shah. The competition was held to encourage the school children to take up embroidery craft as a hobby as well as to develop a sense of colour combination in thread work.

MUSSOORIE

Weston Electronics Limited, New Delhi, held their "Weston Queen, '80" programme at Savoy Hotel, Mussoorie. This was the 12th annual feature organised by the Company. The function is now a regular feature, and has become an important summer time attraction.

The function was well attended not only by holiday revellers from the plains, but also important personalities, and local celebrities, who actively and enthusiastically participated in the dance and floor shows, to the accompaniment of singing superstar Vijay Benedict.

The additional and most attractive feature of this year's function was the live demonstration of India's first Viedo Cassette Recorder and Colour T.V., manufactured by the Company. The technology has only recently been introduced on a mass scale in Europe and other advanced countries.

Geeta Chadha of Delhi was crowned Weston Queen and was presented with a Weston T.V. set by the panel of judges headed by Mr. G. S. Srivastave. Madhu Magrath and Madhu Dewan were the first and second runners' up.

HUMAN INTEREST STORIES

If you know someone who has overcome physical handicaps to live a life of courage and joy, send us the story, written in the third person, about 1200 words long and accompanied as far as possible with a photograph of the person.

6

5. Film star Asha Parekh is seen with Roma Bhatia at her arangetram at Tagore Hall in Ahmedabad.

6. At a reception hosted at Calcutta Club by Mr. D. Dhar, I.P. D.I.G. (Retd) of Globe Detective Agency Pvt. Ltd., are seen (from left) Mr. P. Kumar, Mrs. P. Kumar, Mrs. T. Ganguly, Mr. A. N. Sen, Mr. T. Ganguly, Mrs. D. Dhar, Mr. N. C. Bose, and Mr. D. Dhar.

7. Lion A. J. Gursahani, Deputy District Governor, Lions International, donating blood at the blood donation camp organised by the Lions Club of East Bandra. Also seen are (from left) Mr. R. K. Kaushik, Mr. S. K. Sakhalkar, Lion U.K.G. Panicker, Miss U. Karkera, Miss S. Walavalkar, Miss R. Kulkarni, Mr. K. Gursahani, Lion N. T. Jotwani, and Lion S. T. Gursahani.

7

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK JULY 20 — 26, 1980

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

This will be a busy year, especially if you were born before the 23rd. Both business and personal life show agreeable, if somewhat sudden, changes. Organise, cut down on trivialities, streamline in other areas. Vitality will be high, except for a minor ailment around the turn of the year. If interested in sports, you hit peak form in mid-1981. Don't be afraid to change course during the remainder of 1980 if your intuition dictates this. Travel stars are favourable — but mostly short journeys. Lots of new people will enter your scene and help you so that whom you know is just as important as what you do! If single, romance is round the corner; you may have more than one offer of marriage!

ARIES

(Mar 22 — Apr 20)

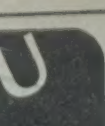
Impulsive words or actions could harm you, so try to be tactful. Not a week to be careless with your time or money. Though good-natured and energetic, Mars in opposition to your sign will bring additional work for a time.

TAURUS

(Apr 21 — May 21)

You are in a period when you will meet interesting people wherever you go, whatever you do. Domestic matters come to the fore and various factors in your chart indicate changes on the way in home or working life.

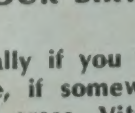
GEMINI



(May 22 — June 21)

This week, short journeys and visits, interviews and meetings will be helpful. Friendships are well starred: it is a splendid time to entertain, to mix business with pleasure. If considering a new venture, gather relevant information.

CANCER



(June 22 — July 23)

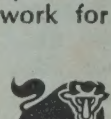
A progressive week with a favourable link between home life and money matters. Changes will favour you. A lucky time for the home buyer or seller; either way you should make a satisfactory agreement.

LEO

(July 24 — Aug 23)

The Sun moves into your sign; other helpful transits will follow shortly. If the accent seems rather too much on mundane matters, you will soon enter a more sociable period when a romance could begin. A family celebration is on the way, too.

VIRGO



(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

If born in early September, there could be some unexpected luck for you. Your path is smoothed by the goodwill of others, by people who are kindly disposed. There is nothing you can't accomplish this year, especially if you have prepared the way.

LIBRA

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

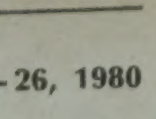
Dynamic stars affect you between now and the end of August and will aid current endeavours, get fresh projects moving. Love and the social scene could be exciting, cultivate new business and friendship links.

SCORPIO

(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

You will have more cash in hand and will be in the mood to spend. A good week to buy both personal and home items, for new saving schemes and investments. If restless, try fresh scenes, visits and pleasure trips.

SAGITTARIUS



(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

If people have been difficult recently, this phase is coming to an end early next month. Side-step the problems of others as far as you can. A happy time, socially, if you take advantage of opportunities.

CAPRICORN

(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

Inconvenient changes, some fruitless tasks and visits, until Mercury moves its position early next month. Your time will be committed mostly to practical areas. Try not to become too involved with high-strung people.

AQUARIUS

(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

Let minor irritations ride if could have been your fault too; don't take people and events too seriously. An intriguing invitation and some money this week are indicated. Everything is swinging upwards for you, but your partner will be setting the pace.

PISCES

(Feb 20 — Mar 21)

You may have been hard-pressed financially, and this may continue for a few months, but the chances are that you are short because you are involved in a new venture which will, later on, add to future security.

THE SUNSET CHILDREN

Continued from page 21

Ironically in a country where there is so much unemployment there are 10.7 million child labourers below 14 years of age according to the 1971 census. The number of child workers has increased by several million since then.

Though the child works as hard and for as many hours as the adult he gets a fourth of the adult salary. In Calcutta's several foundries, book binding shops and other small business houses no child earns more than Rs. 60 a month. In the tea plantations in the North, East and South of India, children can legally work at 14 years of age, but they get only half the adult wage till they reach the age of 18.

The incidence of child labour is the highest in Andhra Pradesh where it accounts for about nine per cent of the total labour force. The bulk of the child labour, nearly 80 per cent, is employed as farm hands. Child labour is more widely prevalent in rural areas than in towns though more and more children are coming to the cities for work.

On plantations, children are engaged in light work such as weeding, manuring, care of nurseries, harvesting, plucking tea leaves and coffee seeds. Thanks to their nimble fingers they turn out as much work as adults in tea and coffee plucking. In cashew factories children clean the nuts after they are roasted and shelled. In the bidi industry they roll bidis and assist the adult worker in cleaning, cutting and preparing the leaf. In carpet weaving the child works at the middle while the adults work on either end. In the glass bangle industry in Ferozabad, for example, they are engaged in joining the ends, cutting, patching and ornamentation.

In the unorganised sector the children work as domestic help, waiters and dishwashers in hotels, restaurants and canteens, hawkers and newspaper vendors, coolies, shoe shine boys, attendants at petrol stations, assistants in repair shops. A large number of them work at construction sites with their parents. Children are not supposed to work in dangerous industries, but according to the 1971 census there were 24,000 children engaged in mining and quarrying. These figures, however, were not authenticated by the Director General for Mines.

At present there are 13 legislations to provide legal protection to children in various occupations, besides constitutional provisions and UN resolutions safeguarding their rights against abuse and exploitation. But their compulsion to earn a living enables heartless people to exploit the child. The enforcement and inspecting machinery is utterly inadequate. In several places there is one labour inspector in charge of 150 factories. The children are employed as apprentices and their names do not figure in the register. The penalty for exploiting the child is not deterrent.

Committees engaged in promoting a better deal to child workers in this Year of the Child are seriously debating associate membership of trade unions for the children.

UNICEF Feature Service

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On survivance to 55 he gets	Rs. 3,125.00

Even after the policy term is over, his family is entitled to the benefit of the assured amount in case of his death.

If death occurs during the policy term of 20 years or at any time thereafter, the family will get the entire insured amount with the bonuses irrespective of the number of instalments that the policyholder would have received.

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